

In Memoriam.

1871-1872.

Rev. Robert E. Caldwell, D.D.



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Robt Caldwell

In Memoriam.

Rev. Robert Ernest Caldwell, D. D.

Born October 18, 1858.

Died January 3, 1904.

PRINTED BY THE FAMILY FOR PRIVATE DISTRIBUTION.

JOHN MURPHY COMPANY, PRINTERS,
BALTIMORE.
FEBRUARY, 1905.

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au Paris d'aujourd'hui

Dear Sir.

My dear Sir in
reply to your letter of December,
~~interest~~ has been unavoidable
and I now thank you for
your interest in the Memorial
Volume of my son the late
Gen. John S. Caldwell, A. A.
These books have been

... and I have been
... in the great machine
... collection.

... the acquaintance
... with the ...
... carriage ...
... introduction
... since.

In information regarding
the Dan. Thomas & Company
I refer you to J. H. Jackson
E. Webb & Boston Office,
a kinsman and warm
admirer of John Thomas
I think best wishes.

I am

Yours truly and

Wm. Thomas, Jr. Jackson

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I. BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

REV. ROBERT ERNEST CALDWELL, D. D.,
fell asleep in Jesus, at half past three o'clock on Sunday morning, January third, 1904, at the age of forty-five years, two months and sixteen days.

He was the only son of Walter Pharr and Nannie Weatherly Caldwell.

At the time of his birth his parents were residing at Statesville, North Carolina, but moved to Greensboro in his fifteenth year.

He connected himself with the church at that place in November, 1876, under the pastorate of Rev. J. Henry Smith, D. D.

After his course was completed at the University of North Carolina he first adopted the profession of his father, who was an eminent lawyer; but feeling the divine call to preach the Gospel, he soon devoted himself to the ministry as his life-work.

For two hundred and fifty years his ancestors had been Presbyterian preachers in an unbroken line, running back to the time of the persecution in Scotland and the settlement in the north of Ireland.

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His father, who was the youngest son of Rev. Samuel Craighead Caldwell, of Mecklenburg County, North Carolina, was the first break in that illustrious line, which included some of the most distinguished preachers and teachers in the State, notably Rev. Dr. Alexander Craighead, the first Presbyterian preacher who resided in western North Carolina, and Rev. Dr. David Caldwell, a celebrated preacher and patriot during the War of the Revolution, and principal of the most famous classical school in the South one hundred years ago.

After abandoning law, Mr. Caldwell studied theology at Union Seminary, Virginia, from which he graduated in 1884, and was licensed the same year by the Presbytery of Orange.

It was at Chapel Hill that he preached his first sermon after licensure, and it was there also that he was called upon to preside for the first time as Moderator of Orange Presbytery.

He had in his possession a time-worn Sabbath School diploma presented him by his honored teacher, Mrs. Cornelia Phillips Spencer, when he was a student at Chapel Hill, and it was always a source of gratification to him that in the early days of his ministry he was offered the pastorate of the church at that place, a position of greater importance and influence than he then realized.

In 1884 he was ordained by the Presbytery of Louisville, Kentucky, as first pastor of the Southern Presby-

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terian Church at the capital city, Frankfort, where he labored two years.

The membership of this young church grew in eighteen months from forty to one hundred and eighty.

After a year spent in post-graduate study at Princeton, he became pastor of the Highland Presbyterian Church, Louisville, Kentucky, which doubled its membership in his four years' pastorate.

During these years he held a number of successful revival meetings in the principal churches of Kentucky, and in 1892 the Synod elected him Evangelist for the State at large, feeling the need of one who had proved his fitness for such work.

The Highland Church, through its commissioners, expressed its sense of his usefulness in the past and pleaded for his retention, but the Presbytery felt the importance of the synodical call, and, as Mr. Caldwell accepted it, ordered that his relation to the Highland Church should terminate.

The responsible trust as evangelist he discharged with fidelity and success until, after repeated calls to the pastorate, he accepted the charge at Winston-Salem, North Carolina, and, from April, 1893, until his death, served the First Presbyterian Church of that city.

During this period he received frequent calls and overtures from other churches throughout the South, none of which were seriously considered, however,

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on account of the importance of his work in Winston-Salem, where he was wonderfully used of God.

In 1898 he was granted leave of absence by his congregation, and for several months he traveled in Europe, Palestine and the Orient.

In June of 1900 Central University of Kentucky honored him by conferring upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

His first teacher, Miss Lydia Salmon, of sainted memory, in commenting upon one of his boyish photographs, wrote:

"You really already begin to look like a Judge, but I hope you will turn out to be a D. D.!"

Prophetic words, and no doubt these two friends, reunited in Heaven, have spoken together of the influences set to work in those days of boyhood.

At the meeting of Synod in Charlotte, in 1901, Dr. Caldwell was elected Moderator, and the *Charlotte Observer*, in its report, has this to say of him:

"The present Moderator has presided over this large body with much ease, grace and dignity. Not a single one of his rulings has been disputed.

"There are many who are not aware of the appropriateness in the election of Rev. R. E. Caldwell as Moderator.

"The Synod is now meeting in the shadow of the first church of Mecklenburg County, Sugar Creek.

"Dr. Caldwell is the grandson of Rev. Samuel Craighead Caldwell, who was for thirty-five years pastor of

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Sugar Creek Church—from 1792 to 1826—and is the great-great-grandson of Rev. Alexander Craighead, D.D., the first pastor of the church—from 1757 to 1766.

“When the Moderator was inducted into his office, he received, and has wielded, the gavel which was made from a sassafras tree that grew from one of the poles on which was borne the lifeless body of Dr. Craighead to his grave.

“It was presented to Synod eight years ago by the citizens of this county.”

In his youth, Dr. Caldwell visited the graves of his venerated ancestors in old Sugar Creek Church-yard, and after his death, among his private papers were found the following verses, composed at the time :

“In an ancient country church-yard,
'Mid the weeds and vines, I found
An humble grave, whose plain headstone,
Thus marked, as hallowed ground—

‘Preserve, O, venerable pile,
Inviolatè, thy sacred trust,
To thy cold arms the Christian Church,
Weeping, commits her richest dust.’

I bowed my head for I stood at the tomb
Where my grandfather slept, 'neath the sod,
Near the very spot where his own grand sire
Had preached the great goodness of God.

And here I, another grandson, stood,
With a heart young, warm and glowing,
And I prayed that God would bless the seed
Which His Spirit then was sowing.”

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God indeed heard that whispered prayer and the consecration of that moment was the mainspring of a devoted Christian ministry.

Dr. Caldwell was a member of the local lodge of Masons, and for several years Chaplain of Piedmont Commandery, Knights Templar. He was also a member of Damon Lodge, Knights of Pythias.

In 1901 he was appointed by Governor Charles B. Aycock, Chaplain of the First Regiment, North Carolina State Guard, with the rank of Captain, under command of Brigadier-General Jos. F. Armfield, of Statesville.

In 1902 he was appointed by the General Assembly Commissioner to the Pan-Presbyterian Council, which met in Liverpool, England, in June, 1904.

Dr. Caldwell was never married, and is survived by his mother, Mrs. Nannie W. Caldwell, of Winston-Salem, and six sisters, Mrs. James R. Thompson, of Atlanta, Georgia; Mrs. Sterling Jones, of Greensboro; Mrs. Andrew Buford, of Salisbury; Mrs. John Walker Fry, of Greensboro; Mrs. D. H. Barger, of Shawsville, Virginia, and Mrs. Henry Roan, of Winston-Salem.

During the last year of his life one of the causes nearest the heart of Dr. Caldwell was the erection of an annex to the church for the Sabbath School and general congregational uses.

In this he was ably seconded by eight young men of his flock, who volunteered their services, and the plans were almost matured when the pastor was trans-

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ferred to the church above, leaving his co-laborers to complete the undertaking.

This they are accomplishing, with the co-operation of every member of the church, and the "R. E. Caldwell Memorial Building" will one day stand as a monument, not only of their zeal in good works, but of the devotion as well of an entire congregation to the memory of a beloved pastor.

II. DEATH AND BURIAL.

[From the *Daily Sentinel*, Winston-Salem, N. C., Jan. 4, 1904.]

DEATH OF REV. DR. R. E. CALDWELL.

*Beloved Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of
This City Passes Away After Undergoing
Surgical Operation in a Hospital
at Philadelphia.*

REV. DR. ROBERT ERNEST CALDWELL, the beloved pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, is dead. The end came about 3.30 o'clock Sunday morning in Dr. Joseph Price's private hospital, Philadelphia.

The news of his death was a terrible shock to the entire community. A brief dispatch was received here Sunday morning stating that Dr. Caldwell was critically ill. This dispatch was sent from Philadelphia late Saturday night, after the telegraph office here was closed, and a few minutes after the first message was received another came announcing that Dr. Caldwell was dead.

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Dr. Caldwell had been indisposed for several weeks. He spent a week or more in the hospital here, receiving treatment from local physicians. Upon the advice of friends he decided to go to Philadelphia and consult a specialist. He left here Monday morning, December 28, and went direct to Dr. Joseph Price's hospital.

Thursday an operation was performed upon Dr. Caldwell for appendicitis. The operation was considered successful and telegrams and letters received here up to Saturday night reported the patient to be doing nicely.

Shock to Congregation.

A large congregation gathered at the First Presbyterian Church at 10.30 Sunday morning to hear Rev. J. A. Scott, of Statesville, who had been invited by the pastor to occupy his pulpit during his absence. When Mr. Scott announced the death of Dr. Caldwell great grief was manifested by the entire congregation, and on this account it was decided not to hold any service. Many of the members wept like children. The scene was indeed touching.

Dr. Caldwell's last sermon to his congregation was delivered on Sunday morning, December 27. It was an earnest message. The pastor made a personal appeal to every member individually for reconsecration and new pledges of fidelity to the church.

Several pastors announced to their respective con-

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gregations Sunday the death of Dr. Caldwell. Earnest invocations were also offered in behalf of the bereaved relatives, especially the aged and heartbroken mother. In speaking of the deceased, one preacher said: "Those who knew him best, loved him most."

The funeral service will be conducted from the First Presbyterian Church at 10 o'clock tomorrow morning. Below is given the order of the service as suggested by the Twin-City Ministerial Association and which will likely be carried out:

Choir selection.

Hymn.

Scripture Reading.

Sermon by Dr. E. W. Smith, of Greensboro.

Remarks by Rev. Dr. H. A. Brown and Bishop Ronthaler.

Prayer by Rev. Harold Turner.

Hymn.

Benediction.

Dr. Caldwell was an honored member of the Masonic order and the members of the two lodges here will attend the service in a body. A committee will also accompany the remains to Greensboro. The interment will be in the cemetery there, in the lot where the father was laid to rest several years ago.

To Attend in a Body.

The Twin-City Ministerial Association held a called

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meeting this morning. A committee was appointed to prepare suitable resolutions to be read at their next meeting. It was agreed that the ministers attend the funeral in a body.

It was an informal meeting, the ministers talking in hushed whispers as one and another would express with deepest feeling their sorrow at the sudden death of the brother so beloved.

The pall of sadness which has fallen over the city is nowhere heavier among the many friends of the lamented gentleman than it is upon his brother ministers; every one of them was his close personal friend.

[From *The Journal*, Winston-Salem, N. C., Jan. 4, 1904.]

REV. DR. R. E. CALDWELL, PASTOR OF THE
FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, DEAD.

*He Succumbed to Operation Performed in Hospital in
Philadelphia, Pa.—Funeral at 10 o'clock—Inter-
ment at Greensboro—To be Buried
With Masonic Honors.*

Since Sunday morning sorrow and grief, deep and piercing, has filled the hearts of our people. Tears have filled the eyes of strong men and trickled down their cheeks, and women have wept like children.

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A righteous man, a good man, is dead. One in whose life and teaching was exemplified the beauties of Christianity. His life-work had been devoted to the elevation of humanity to a plane from which glimpses could be caught of the dwelling place of the great Jehovah. He had won the hearts of the people by a sunny, congenial nature that spoke friendship and purity of motives, and a sympathy and interest that lifted and strengthened and spoke peace through the teachings of the blessed Redeemer.

This good man, so universally beloved, was the Rev. Dr. R. E. Caldwell, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of this city. He died in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, early Sunday morning as a result of an operation for appendicitis.

The news of the death of Dr. Caldwell was a great shock to the community and a terrible shock to his congregation. Many had assembled in the church Sunday morning to hear the services to be conducted by Rev. J. A. Scott, of Statesville, who had been invited by Dr. Caldwell to fill the pulpit in his absence, and there received the intelligence of the death of their pastor. No services were held because of the great grief manifested by those present. Many of them wept like children, while others left the church to keep from witnessing a scene so touching and pathetic.

Just a week ago Dr. Caldwell preached a sermon, the subject of which was close to the heart of every member of his congregation. It was a direct, personal

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appeal to every member individually for reconsecration and new pledges of fidelity to the church. Now that he has passed away so unexpectedly this eloquent sermon comes vividly into the mind and forces convictions of the sincerity and purity of the motives that actuated it, and when considered in the light that he must have felt that it might be his last sermon, the effect upon the congregation, when reflected upon now, cannot fail to make their grief more poignant.

Dr. Caldwell left for Philadelphia last Monday. The operation was performed Thursday. Telegrams received up to Saturday night after the operation was performed stated that the patient was doing well, and the news of his death Sunday morning was a terrible shock.

[From the *Daily Record*, Greensboro, N. C., Jan. 4, 1904.]

SAD DEATH OF DR. CALDWELL.

A Beloved Winston Minister Dies Unexpectedly.

*Was in a Philadelphia Hospital Being Treated for
Appendicitis—News of His Death Caused a
Severe Shock to His Relatives
and Acquaintances.*

At the First Presbyterian Church, Sunday, while services were in progress, a message was sent to Rev. Dr.

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Smith, announcing the death of Rev. Dr. Robert Ernest Caldwell, for ten years the pastor of the Winston-Salem Presbyterian Church.

Dr. Caldwell was greatly beloved here, where he was raised, his father being Hon. Walter Caldwell, a prominent lawyer in his day, and his mother being a Weatherly, one of the most influential of Guilford's old families.

Dr. Caldwell's remains will reach here this evening at 7.10 o'clock and will be carried through to Winston, where the funeral will be held in his church at 10.30 o'clock tomorrow morning, the sermon being preached by Rev. Dr. Egbert Smith, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church here, and a life-long friend of the deceased divine. From Winston the remains will be brought to Greensboro on a special train at about noon to be interred by the side of Dr. Caldwell's father in Greene Hill Cemetery.

Dr. Caldwell was about forty-five years of age, and had accomplished a great work in life, as well as in the pulpit. His death has caused widespread sorrow throughout the State, nowhere more than here where from his boyhood he was always a favorite with everybody who knew him.

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[From the *Daily Sentinel*, Winston-Salem, N. C., Jan. 6, 1904.]

DR. CALDWELL LAID TO REST.

Impressive Funeral Service Held at the First Presbyterian Church This Morning.

Beautiful Tributes to Beloved Man of God.

Address by Dr. Smith, of Greensboro, and Remarks by Dr. Brown and Bishop Rondthaler—A Large Concourse of Sympathizing Friends in Attendance—Floral Offerings—Remains Sent to Greensboro.

The funeral of the late Rev. Dr. Robert Ernest Caldwell was conducted from the First Presbyterian Church at 10.30 o'clock this morning. The service was conducted by Rev. Dr. Egbert W. Smith, pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Greensboro, assisted by Bishop Rondthaler, Rev. H. A. Brown, D. D., and Rev. Harold Turner. The church was crowded with sympathetic friends who had gathered to pay a last sad tribute to one whom they all loved and admired and who loved all. Seldom has there gathered a congregation upon whose faces grief and sympathy were more apparent. The pulpit was draped, and arranged around it were the beautiful floral tributes from friends both far and near. The display was magnificent, to say the least.

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Preceded by handsomely uniformed Knights Templar and the Ministerial Association of both of which he was an honored and esteemed member, the remains were conveyed to his church which he loved so well, for which he labored so faithfully, and which will ever stand as a monument to his noble work.

The services began with the singing of "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," a favorite hymn of the dead pastor. Bishop Rondthaler offered a beautiful and touching prayer, beseeching the Almighty to comfort the hearts of the bereaved family and congregation, and thanking God that such a man—so true, so upright and so manly—had been given to cheer mortals onward in this sin-cursed world.

Rev. Dr. Brown read the Scripture lesson, which was taken from the last chapter of the Book of Revelation—a picture of the reward that is awaiting the righteous beyond the grave.

Dr. Smith, in broken and quavering voice, began by saying that he felt that he should be there with the bereaved family rather than in the pulpit, for the death of this good man was a personal loss to him, but that he had come to lay a tribute on the casket of his friend and to weep with those who weep. He gave a short sketch of the deceased, following his career from his birth in 1858 until his death.

Dr. Smith offered a fervent prayer petitioning the Heavenly Father that this great affliction would draw the church yet closer to Him.

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Dr. H. A. Brown spoke feelingly of the deceased, saying that as Jonathan was to David and David to Jonathan, so were he and the deceased. The speaker said Dr. Caldwell was the leader in temperance and Sabbath observance reform, and was bold and fearless in God's work.

Bishop Rondthaler followed in a few brief remarks, saying that this death was indeed sad, as the prospects were so bright for a life of much greater usefulness, but that God had seen fit to call him to his reward while yet in his prime. The Bishop referred to the grief-stricken mother and sisters and prayed God's blessing upon them.

"Servant of Christ, Well Done," was sweetly rendered, after which Rev. Harold Turner closed the service with prayer.

The lid was then removed from the casket and the congregation took a last look at the dead pastor. The scene was very pathetic.

The remains were removed to the depot and placed upon a special train for Greensboro, where the interment took place. The remains were accompanied to Greensboro by the family, the Knights Templar and a large number of friends.

The pall-bearers were the elders of the church, Messrs. T. J. Brown, J. W. Shepherd, J. M. Rogers, W. B. Carter, T. A. Wilson and Thos. Patterson.

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[From the *Winston-Salem Journal*, Jan. 7, 1904.]

GRIEF-STRICKEN FRIENDS PERFORM LAST DUTIES TO THE HONORED DEAD.

Beautiful and Touching, Eloquent and Impressive Tributes Paid to the Character of Dr. R. E. Caldwell. —Remains Laid to Rest with Masonic Honors.—Floral Offerings Magnificent.

The last sad duties that can be performed for the dead have been performed for the late Rev. R. E. Caldwell, D. D. With sad hearts and streaming eyes his body has been lowered into the grave.

How fortunate are those for whom the terrors of the grave are dispelled by the teachings of the blessed Saviour—by the doctrine of the resurrection of the dead. All that is mortal of the dear brother, the strong, gentle friend, the beloved pastor, the honored citizen, the loving, thoughtful son, lies sleeping in the cemetery at Greensboro beside his honored father. The bleak winds are singing their requiem over his newly-made grave. But the spirit, untrammelled, has taken its flight, and stands unterrified in the presence of its Creator. The glories of Heaven stretch out before his vision. The songs of angels and the shouts of redeemed souls, many of whom, perhaps, his burning expositions of divine truth have led to salvation, break upon his ears, above which sounds the cry, "Well done,

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thou good and faithful servant." Our loss is his eternal gain. Grief and sorrow should take flight before this blessed hope. Death is but the doorway through which we step into a glorious world of redeemed saints, if so be our duty has been performed on earth. The life of him who has just passed through this doorway forces upon the hearts of all who knew him the conviction that he is a citizen of that glorious world, and instead of grief there should be rejoicing.

The program of the funeral service as stated in the *Journal* was carried out. The funeral procession left the house at 10 o'clock a. m. The service at the church began at 10.30 a. m. The church was crowded to its utmost capacity, even standing room, by sorrowing friends. The services opened with that beautiful hymn, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." On the rostrum were Rev. Egbert W. Smith, D. D., of Greensboro, Presbyterian; Bishop Rondthaler, Moravian; Rev. H. A. Brown, D. D., Baptist, and Rev. Harold B. Turner, Methodist, all of this city.

After a fervent, appropriate prayer by Bishop Rondthaler, invoking divine aid in comforting the hearts of the family, the congregation and friends, and after a beautiful Scripture lesson read by Dr. Brown, Rev. Egbert W. Smith delivered an address in which the excellencies of the dead pastor were held up before the people in a light in which only those so intimately acquainted with the deceased, as was Dr. Smith, could present it. Going back to his entry upon the study

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of the ministry, nearly twenty years ago, he made it plain that he, whose body lay enshrined in death's stillness before the congregation, possessed in a much higher degree than is usual with men those attributes of character which approach nearest the blessed Redeemer. It was a beautiful tribute to a good man. Every sentence was a gem, made more beautiful by the fact that he of whom he spoke merited all that was said. It was a touching tribute and all over the church tear-dimmed eyes and quivering lips testified to the truth of his remarks.

Following Dr. Smith, Dr. Brown paid tribute to the dead, to him of whom he said "Our souls were knit in friendship like those of David and Jonathan." He spoke of the earnest prayers they two in secret had offered for the people, in which divine guidance was asked for the bringing about of a greater consecration of the lives of those over whom they presided as pastors, for strength, for more light, for more influence. He made clear the motives which actuated and controlled the consecrated life of the departed brother.

The remarks of Bishop Rondthaler were appropriate, beautiful and full of tenderness. They were the testimony of the patriarch to the sterling qualities and unusual promise of a life of usefulness of the young man of God he had known so intimately and respected so highly. They told of that special gift that enabled Dr. Caldwell to incorporate in his sermons, and develop so beautifully for instruction and for good,

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the many useful ideas that came to him by earnest, thoughtful study and research; of that wonderful dispensation, so hard for us to understand, by which God often cuts down in the fullness of usefulness and power of mind and body, those whose lives promise so much and mean so much for the good of mankind, while those grown old in service are left to continue their labors.

Taken together, the addresses of Dr. Smith, Dr. Brown and Bishop Rondthaler shed a light upon the life of Dr. Caldwell which showed unmistakably a consecration few men ever attained.

The services at the church being concluded, the Knights Templar took charge of the remains, and the cortege moved in solemn procession to the special train which bore the remains to their last resting place. The pall-bearers, Knights Templar, were J. L. Ludlow, W. J. Roberts, W. C. Brown, George S. Norfleet, J. H. Foote and J. D. Loughenour.

Many friends, including the elders of the church, accompanied the remains to Greensboro. The trip was uneventful. The train arrived on time and was met at the depot by a detachment of Knights Templar of that city and many friends.

Arriving at the cemetery the beautiful burial ceremony of the Knights Templar was entered upon. The services were conducted by Past Grand Prelate, the Rev. Dr. Chrietzberg, assisted by Grand Prelate J. K. Norfleet, acting as Eminent Commander. A more

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beautiful, solemn and impressive service could not have been devised by man. It teems with lessons of a beautiful life, lifts the thoughts and the soul into a closer relation with the Creator and breathes a spirit of humanity and purity that can be found nowhere except in the teachings of Christianity.

With love and tenderness, and eyes dimmed with tears, which detracted not from their manhood, they lowered the body into the grave.

The floral designs in beauty and profusion could not be surpassed. They many times covered the newly-made grave and when it is remembered that each rosebud and each spray spoke an eloquence of a sorrowing heart that felt too crushed to speak in any other way, their richness and their beauty can be more fully appreciated.

The funeral train returning reached this city at 5 o'clock p. m.

[From the *Greensboro Record*, Jan. 7, 1904.]

DISTINGUISHED MINISTER BURIED AT GREENE HILL.

*The Remains Brought Over From Winston on a
Special Train and Met Here by a Large Concourse
of People—The Services at Winston.*

The remains of the late Rev. Dr. Robert Ernest Caldwell, late pastor of the First Presbyterian Church

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of Winston, were brought here on a special train, arriving at two o'clock yesterday afternoon.

Many Greensboro people were at the depot to await the arrival of the funeral train, which came in on the main line and stopped conveniently near Buchanan Street, where the hearse and carriages were in waiting.

The train consisted of a baggage car and two passenger coaches. The casket containing the remains of the honored dead and scores of floral designs occupied the baggage coach. Pall-bearers, flower bearers, relatives of the deceased, and his acquaintances, including many of the most prominent citizens of Winston, occupied the passenger coaches.

The casket was removed from the train by the pall-bearers, all of whom were Winston Knights Templar. The full commandery of Knights Templar of Winston came over in a body and were met and joined here by an escort from Ivanhoe Commandery, as follows: Gen. James D. Glenn, Dr. John Thames, Mr. Butler, C. H. Ireland, A. E. B. Alford, C. M. Vanstory, C. A. Bray, Dr. G. W. Whitsett. All the Knights Templar wore full uniform, making a most imposing appearance.

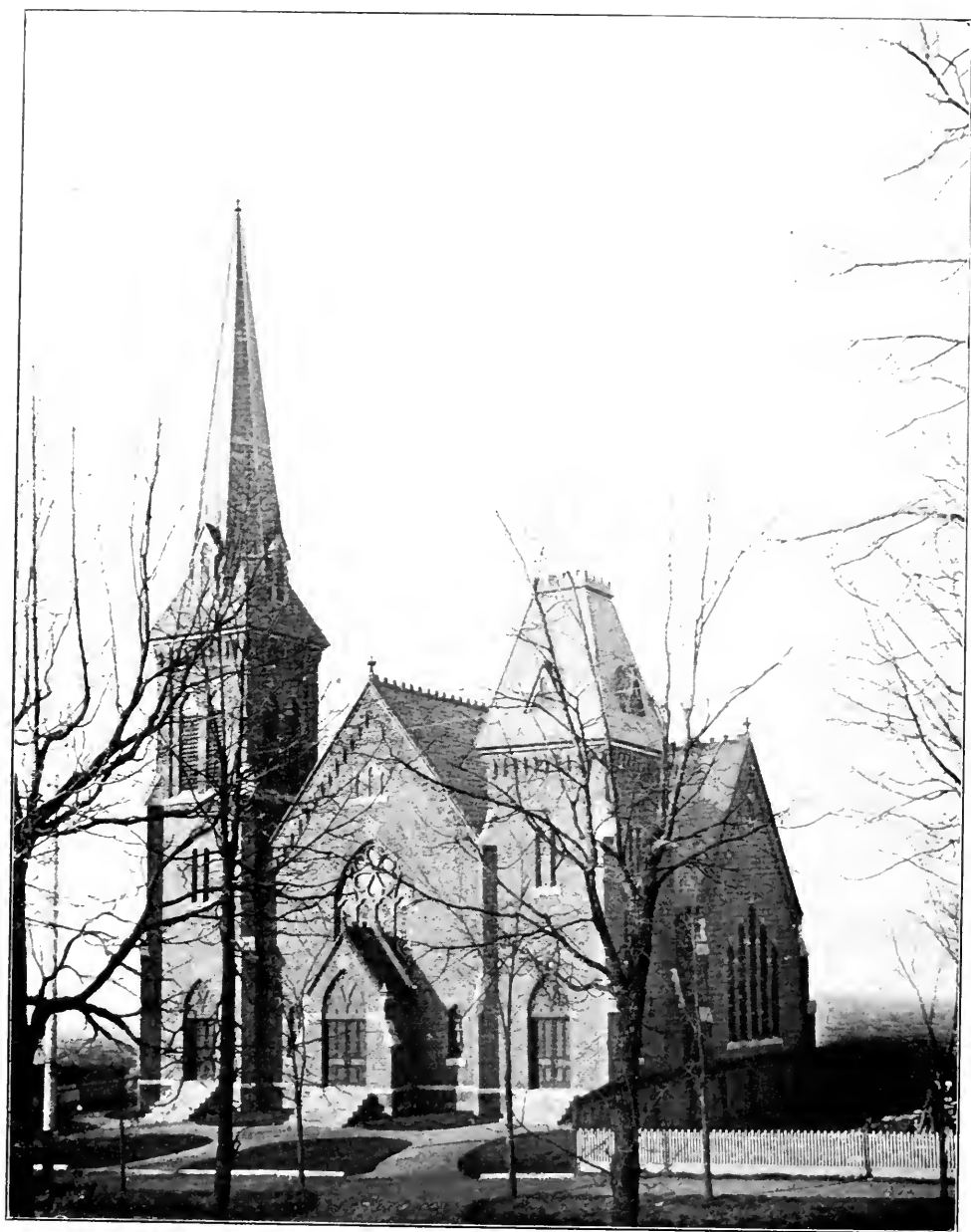
The Knights Templar formed in a double line near the train and down the two lines thus formed the body was borne to the hearse.

At the cemetery the service, with the exception of a prayer by Rev. C. E. Hodgin, pastor of Westminster Presbyterian Church, was entirely in charge of the

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Knights Templar, the Knights burying their dead according to the impressive ritual of the order.

The Ministerial Association of Winston-Salem, as well as the Knights Templar, came over in a body to attend the concluding exercises of the obsequies of Dr. Caldwell.



FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

III. FUNERAL ADDRESSES.

I.

[By Rev. Egbert W. Smith, D. D., Pastor First Presbyterian Church, Greensboro, N. C.]

MY FRIENDS, if I consulted my feelings today my place would be on the other side of this casket, among the mourners. I can hardly trust myself to put into words my sense of the greatness of the loss that has fallen upon this church and community, upon our Presbytery, our Synod, our State, in the falling asleep of this beloved brother, whose absence we shall mourn, and whose memory we shall cherish

“Till with the morn those angel faces smile
Which we have loved long since and lost awhile.”

We have come to lay upon this casket which enshrines such precious dust our tribute wreath of brotherly affection, and to weep with those who have entered Sorrow's Holy of Holies and whose hearts today are full to breaking with thoughts of the noble son, the strong and loving brother, the generous friend, the faithful and devoted pastor.

FUNERAL ADDRESSES.

Born in Greensboro, North Carolina, 1858, in the same county which a century before had witnessed the abiding life-work of his great ancestor, Dr. David Caldwell, there flowed in his veins the blood of preachers, scholars and patriots. After a boyhood spent in Statesville, he returned to make Greensboro again his home, and to begin, after a course at the University, the study of law.

My intimacy with him dates back to that crisis in his life when, abandoning his legal studies, he began his preparation for the ministry. To the Saviour's call to preach "the glorious Gospel of the blessed God" he responded with all his heart. The secular aims and ambitions of his former life he turned his back upon for Christ, and having put his hand to the plow he never looked back. Distinctly, I remember, in those dear days of the past, the enthusiastic joy with which he looked forward to a life wholly given to the service of his Lord.

His first two seminary vacations were spent filling the pulpit of Alamance Church and supplying a mission station of the First Church of Greensboro which was afterwards developed into Westminster Church. At both these places his preaching, even at that early day, attracted large congregations. His manifest consecration and his charming social gifts, that winning grace of cheerfulness and geniality which so beautifully characterized him throughout life, greatly endeared him to the people. After the lapse of twenty-three

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years, in these early spheres of but a few months' student labor, there are yet many, to my certain knowledge, who rise up and call him blessed.

My first year at the Seminary was his Senior year. I shall never forget the characteristic kindness with which he welcomed me on my arrival, a stranger in a strange land, and how he spared no time or effort to make me happy and at home in my new surroundings. I found that he was already a man of mark, popular in all circles, and recognized by students, professors, and townspeople, as one of the foremost men and finest preachers at the Seminary. The best sermon I ever heard from a Seminary student during my three years' course was preached by him. It made a profound impression upon me and upon all who heard it. The text was "For Jesus' Sake." It gave the motive and motto of his own noble and useful life.

He was licensed in April, 1884, by Orange Presbytery, and in December of the same year was ordained and installed by the Presbytery of Louisville as pastor of the South Frankfort Presbyterian Church, Kentucky. After two years of successful labor in this field he was called to the Highland Presbyterian Church of Louisville, where he spent four years of eminently fruitful service. These years in Kentucky had brought him into such deserved prominence that in 1892 the Kentucky Synod called him to be Evangelist of the State at large. He did effective work in this great field and held innumerable meetings at various points

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throughout the State. But his heart hungered for his own people and his own State, and in 1893, in response to a unanimous call, he became pastor of this, the First Presbyterian Church of Winston. Here his gifts as pastor, preacher and worker found fruitful exercise. For several years the church was in an almost continuous state of revival, the membership growing by leaps and bounds. To his consecrated energy, building on the excellent foundations laid by his predecessors, is mainly due under God the development of this church into one of the foremost churches of our General Assembly, known throughout our Synods for its abounding liberality and good works.

In our Presbytery he was conspicuously useful, influential, and beloved. He was a wise counsellor, an able debater, a thorough parliamentarian, willing to do his part in everything, gentle and courteous in bearing, and ever regardful of the feelings and the reputation of his brethren. He was chairman of the Presbytery's Committee on Foreign Missions, and was always a favorite preacher at our Presbyterial meetings. The last sermon I heard from him was a notable discourse delivered at Reidsville to a large audience on the Observance of the Sabbath.

He was as prominent and beloved in Synod as in Presbytery. For years he has been Synod's Chairman of Foreign Missions. In 1900, when the Synod's Twentieth Century Fund movement was started Synod appointed him Chairman of the Supervisory Com-

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nittee in charge of the work. The same year the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by Central University, Kentucky. In 1901 Synod bestowed upon him the highest honor in its gift in electing him Moderator.

It was a frequent remark among the brethren that we never had a better presiding officer, one who blended more beautifully grace with dignity, fairness with courtesy, gentleness with firmness.

I have known this beloved brother intimately almost from my boyhood. In church courts and committees, in constant personal touch from year to year, we have counselled and labored together in the service of our common Lord. I wish to bear my public testimony to the sweetness of his spirit, without malice, without bitterness, to the depth and fervor of his consecration, to the purity of his character, to the warmth and generosity of his heart, and to the closeness of his fellowship with Christ. God grant that that mantle of his brave and sweet and sunny spirit may fall upon his brethren in the ministry! God grant that his memory, so inwoven with the history of this church, may be an abiding benediction upon all its members and an inspiration to them to labor like him for its prosperity.

We cannot sorrow for him. While we worship in this poor earthly temple, his eyes behold the King in His beauty. While we are left to stumble onward in our sin-soiled, tear-stained pathway, he walks with Christ in white in the Paradise of God.

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“For he has gone where his Redeemer is,
In that fair city on the other side,
And at the threshold of his palaces
Has loosed his sandals ever to abide.
I know his Heavenly King did smiling wait
To give him welcome when he touched the gate.”

That gate, I doubt not, swung inward for his entrance before the hands of many whom his own faithful ministry had blessed, and who were waiting there to welcome him into that vast and bright Eternity, all vivid with God's love, where instant vision is perfect joy and immortal labor is immortal rest.

Beloved, the parting is only for a little while. We, too, are going home. May Heaven ever lie upon our horizon, luring us on. And when at last we sink to rest and dream that we behold again the faces kept in memory, may we awake and find it is not a dream, but that we are in Heaven. There will our loved ones come to greet us, and there, sweeter than all else, we shall behold the face of our Saviour and Lord, and be like Him and dwell with Him forevermore.

“Oh, these parting scenes will end
Some sweet day, by and by ;
We shall gather, friend with friend,
Some sweet day, by and by ;
There before our Father's throne.
When the mists and clouds have flown.
We shall greet our loved ones gone,
Some sweet day, by and by.”

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II.

[By Rev. H. A. Brown, D. D., Pastor First Baptist Church, Winston-Salem, N. C.]

I cannot trust myself to say *some things* I would like to say this morning. The relations which have existed between Brother Caldwell and me have been so friendly, so intimate, so tender, that I feel more like taking my place with the bereaved family than I do like speaking at his funeral. When he came here eleven years ago, a comparative stranger, he quickly walked into the affections of my heart and won my confidence, and through all the years that have intervened since then there has not been so much as a shadow to fall on the good feelings between us. I come now to lay on his casket my tribute of unfailing love and tender friendship. Four times since I have been in this town we have been called upon to bury our pastors and each affliction has been harder for me to bear. Bro. Caldwell and I walked together, and talked together, and prayed together, and wept together. What David was to Jonathan and Jonathan was to David, this man was to me. I am sure I voice the sentiment of all the preachers here when I say that we *all* carry with us a sense of personal bereavement in his death.

A few weeks ago he sent for me to come to his study. I went. We talked of personal consecration, of trying

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to know the mind of the Lord in all things, of being willing to do or suffer His will. We then knelt and prayed for a larger, deeper, wider consecration of life and service. He was greatly moved and I felt when I left him that I knew more of his heart than I had ever known before. And now that he is gone, I think I have a better understanding of it all. It was the infinite longing of his soul for the larger and better life upon which he has now entered—it was the ripening of his spirit for the inheritance of the saints in light.

This town has lost one of its most aggressive citizens. He was interested in the material welfare of this city. He prayed for the prosperity of all our people. He believed in a high form of civic righteousness. He stood for law and order. He was our foremost advocate for temperance reform, Sabbath reform and all those other reforms which tend to the amelioration of the welfare of all our people. He had strong convictions and he was not ashamed of them nor afraid to express them. He stood here as a faithful watchman on the walls of Zion to declare the whole counsel of God, and clear his skirts of the blood of all men.

As a preacher he was earnest and strong, and his sermons always had a Biblical basis. They were characterized by a broad and catholic spirit. I shall never forget a scene that occurred here a few weeks ago when a series of meetings was going on in this church. One Sabbath afternoon he invited his brother pastors to take a seat on the platform, and he delivered

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to all the people gathered a stirring address on "a deeper spiritual life and a more determined effort to save the unsaved among us." The impressions of that address will not fade from my mind with the passing years. It proved to be his farewell message to the people of Winston-Salem along this line. As a pastor he was loyal and loving. He possessed the true shepherd spirit. He knew the meaning of that passage which says, "Besides all these things there come on me daily the care of all the churches."

He loved the young people and the old people, and tried to be helpful to all. He was specially gifted in rendering the higher and tenderer ministries of life and service. He knew how to start influences to work for the good of others without letting his hand be seen in them at all. He was so genial and cheerful and optimistic always—he was so largely human! His presence was to me a benediction and an inspiration. His closing acts were illustrative of his beautiful spirit. His last sermon was preached on the last Sunday in the year, and during the joyous Christmas time, on the subject of peace. It was a prophecy of the blessed and unending peace upon which he was about to enter. It was appropriate that his last public prayer should be offered with his mother about the family altar. He went away from us with a prayer on his lips. It was fitting that just before the opening twilight that ushered in one of the most beautiful Sabbaths ever seen on earth his spirit should go up to God.

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“How blest the righteous when he dies,
When sinks a weary soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently waves the expiring breast.”

Farewell, friend, brother, fellow pastor, till we meet again!

III.

[By Rt. Rev. Edward Rondthaler, D. D., Pastor Home Moravian Church, Salem, N. C.]

We have been so greatly afflicted over this sad dispensation whereby a beloved friend and pastor has been suddenly removed from us, that we have hardly, as yet, found time or heart to consider how beautiful, after all, this departure has been.

A few days ago our brother was still busy with the cares and the struggles of the pastorate. He was out, as we his fellow pastors still are, in the glare and the heat and the dust of this great and difficult task. He was exposed to its strain and anxiety and disappointment. Then, suddenly for him, a door was opened, and opening inward, it ushered him into his rest and joy and triumph of his heavenly reward. Of all of us pastors, intimately associated with him in the toils of this calling, he has been the first to see the Master's face and to behold the King in His beauty.

I have during these years been intimately acquainted with Dr. Caldwell, and have had great admiration for

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the varied gifts with which he adorned the ministry. He was a fine scholar and had made Biblical study the especial effort of his life. He had, withal, the happy talent of incorporating whatever he gained from books and all that came to him in the genial converse of daily life into his sermons, so that he spoke with a fullness of resource as well as with an energy of utterance, and was, in the the very best sense, a pulpit orator. I had noted his growth and development in these respects, and judged that God would make use of this man's wide and deep preparation for an extended ministry of still richer fruitage. I had thought that my brother would be eminent in his beloved calling long after my own head was laid to its rest.

But God's thoughts have not been our thoughts, nor have His ways, in this mysterious dispensation, been our ways. Suddenly our brother's earthly task was ended, and what he had grown to be and had become able to do was, by the divine decree, reserved for those eternal scenes where work will be without weariness, and where tasks will be wreathed around with triumphant praise.

You will have noticed in your own observation and experience of life, that when God's thoughts and ways differ from ours, it is because, in the long run, they are so much wiser, better and higher than ours. And such will be the result of submission to God's Providence in this sore bereavement. In the end it will prove to have been the best for an almost broken-

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hearted mother, and for sorely afflicted sisters, and for a grieving church, and for a sorrowing community. And for our departed brother, this sudden home-taking will be supremely best.

“Servant of God—well done,
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master’s joy.”

IV. TRIBUTES.

[By Miss S. O. H. Dickson, Winston-Salem, January 5, 1904.]

IN MEMORIAM—MY PASTOR.

No flowers I took to lay upon thy bier,
Instead I place this simple tribute here.
The seed-thoughts in my sorrowing heart were sown
Which blossomed into words I've made my own.

So here are pansies—pleasant memories culled
Of helpful words, and kindly deeds that lulled
The troubled fancies which thou wouldst beguile,
And every one bears in its heart—a smile!

Like violets I count the words which filled
The air with fragrant promises that stilled
Rebellious murmurings and turned my eyes
Unto the rest and peace beyond the skies.

And here—ah, here a laurel wreath I place,
Won in the fight for God in life's stern race.
Who faithful fights, and patient courage shows
He can be generous even to his foes.

No need hast thou for earthly, withering flowers,
No need for human sympathy like ours.
Yet still, that all may know I grieve for thee
I bring this tribute of my loyalty.

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[From the *Winston-Salem Journal*.]

IN the death of Dr. R. E. Caldwell, of the First Presbyterian Church, this city, society loses a good man, an active man, a congenial man. The city loses a strong friend and the church a faithful, zealous pastor.

There was much in his life worth studying. He was not only devoutly religious, but a Christian, and carried that Christianity into his daily life. He loved his church and was full of zeal for its advancement. With it all he was modest but firm and never uncongenial. He did not wear a long face or cultivate an austere manner. He was natural and happy. He got comfort out of his Christianity. If he worried few knew it. He opened his lips and let the sunshine pour in. He was a good friend, a man of hearty handshakes; so much of a philosopher that it is said that no one ever saw him with his temper ruffled.

For nearly twenty years he preached the gospel. They were years of usefulness, of honor and dignity.

As pastor, hundreds have listened to his plain, sensible, expositions of divine truth, and have been led to a realization of the true end of the creation of man, "to glorify God and enjoy Him forever."

He died in the full vigor of manhood: At a time as it appears to mankind, when he was best fitted by experience and growth in grace to accomplish most good in winning men to paths of truth and virtue. But He who has ordained that all things shall work together

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for good to them that love Him and serve Him has removed him, and grief and regret and disappointment must be lost in obedience to that cardinal principle of Christian duty, which teaches us to say, "Thy will be done."

And he died crowned with honor, loving and being loved, and left the world better for his having lived.

[From the *Winston-Salem Sentinel*.]

DEATH OF DR. CALDWELL.

The community was deeply shocked and inexpressibly grieved yesterday when the intelligence came that Dr. Robert Ernest Caldwell was dead. The news was almost entirely unexpected. Although it was known that he had undergone a surgical operation, it was thought that he was in no danger.

Dr. Caldwell's death is a severe loss to his congregation and to Winston-Salem. He was an able preacher and a faithful, zealous guardian of his flock. Devoted to his work, his church grew and prospered. He labored earnestly for the moral welfare of the whole city, and his influence was potent in shaping public affairs.

He was a consecrated Christian. He was always amiable and had a pleasant greeting for everybody that he met. His life was exemplary, his great heart

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was wrapped up in his work and he has richly earned his reward in the mansion in the skies.

[From the *Charlotte Daily Observer*.]

The tidings of the death of Rev. Robert Ernest Caldwell, D. D., pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Winston, will be received with deep regret by many in the State. He was a man of force, a consecrated Christian, zealous in his work, amiable, sweet of spirit. Dr. Caldwell was a native of Statesville, but of the Mecklenburg family of that name. His father, the late Walter P. Caldwell, was born in this county, but spent the greater part of his adult life in Statesville, was for many years solicitor of that district, was a lawyer of ability and as clean-cut a gentleman as ever lived. Dr. Caldwell was never married, but a devoted mother and several sisters survive him.

[Winston Correspondent *Charlotte Observer*.]

Sunday forenoon a shadow deeper and darker than the Twin City had ever known before fell upon the whole community, when the news flashed over the wires that Rev. Robert Ernest Caldwell had succumbed to an operation performed for appendicitis in a Phila-

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delphia hospital. It seemed incredible, and the whole community spoke in hushed, choked voices of the unspeakable loss his death would entail. Such grief and sympathy as are felt for the stricken mother and bereaved sisters have seldom stirred the hearts of any people, and well may we sorrow, for a more loyal, devoted, faithful and efficient pastor never served a flock. His sweet, sunny, brave nature, his untiring service and zeal, and his usefulness and efficiency in his Church, all combined to win him friends among all sorts and conditions of men, and we may truly say his friends were co-extensive with his acquaintance.

Hard, indeed, will be the task of filling in a satisfactory manner the pulpit left vacant by Dr. Caldwell's death. The Presbyterian Church is rich in her scholarly and consecrated ministry, but it will be none the less hard to find a fitting successor to the efficient and devoted worker who has passed to his rest.

The *Statesville Landmark*, in referring to the death of Dr. Caldwell says: "The news of his death will bring sorrow to many people in Statesville, who knew him and loved him. He was a son of the late Walter P. Caldwell, a well known lawyer, who for twelve years served as solicitor of this district. Many residents of the town knew both father and son intimately. Two years ago last fall Dr. Caldwell conducted a revival in the First Presbyterian Church here, which was very successful. Large numbers professed conversion and joined the church under his preaching. He was an able

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preacher, a pleasant and agreeable gentleman and exceedingly popular wherever known."

[From the *Christian Observer*, Louisville, Ky.]

January 13, 1904.

DEATH OF REV. R. E. CALDWELL, D. D.

The people of Kentucky remember with tender affection and high regard the former pastor of the Highland Presbyterian Church, Rev. Robert Ernest Caldwell. From 1884 to 1886 he labored with the young church at South Frankfort, Ky., and then from 1888 to 1892 with the church at the east end of Broadway, in Louisville. His bright, cheery face, his pleasant greeting, his concentration of aim on the upbuilding of his church—these all remain as fresh memories to the people of Louisville.

Recently he has been troubled with symptoms of threatened appendicitis. Two weeks ago he went to Philadelphia to consult a physician. The operation seems to have given a shock to his system from which he did not rally, and about half-past three o'clock on the morning of the first Sunday of 1904, he was taken to the mansions above.

Dr. Caldwell never married. His mother and sister ever maintained for him the home life, which is so

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essential to a preacher's highest usefulness. But he was always effective in winning the young people. As a preacher, he was instructive and attractive. As a man, he was full of noble purposes and useful deeds.

[From the *Presbyterian Standard*, Charlotte, N. C.]

The editor of the *Standard* feels a personal sorrow in the death of Dr. Caldwell. We had known each other since his seminary and our college days coincided at Hampden-Sidney and his career in this Synod has been followed with much interest since he came to us from Kentucky, came back home, as he was a native of North Carolina.

As preacher, evangelist, pastor and presbyter, Dr. Caldwell filled a large place in the Southern Church. The Synod of North Carolina fittingly recognized his worth in making him the Moderator at its meeting in Charlotte, a position which he filled with credit to himself and honor to the Synod.

He was a man of most lovable traits of character and the outpourings of grief from his congregation have been the best test of their real affection. We received a letter from him the day before the operation, to which he finally succumbed. He was most cheerful over the outcome, said he expected to be in his pulpit again in four weeks, and the letter was taken up with the details of the trip to the Presbyterian Alliance at Liverpool

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that we had planned together. And now he has gone the long journey, from whose bourne but one Traveler has ever returned, bringing life and immortality to light in His gospel. Let us not say that our brother was cut off in his prime. Let us rather think that "His servants shall serve Him."

[From the *Raleigh News and Observer*.]

A NOBLE LIFE CLOSED.

The sad news of the death of Rev. R. E. Caldwell, D. D., Presbyterian pastor at Winston-Salem, will carry the deepest regret to his hundreds of friends. At the University of North Carolina, where he was educated, he was universally popular, and made many lasting friendships. In the busy pastorate, where he had already won a large measure of success, he was all that our ideals demanded in a preacher—able in the pulpit, sympathetic in the homes of suffering and sorrow, sunny-tempered and joyous in homes of pleasure, being "all things to all men" in the true Pauline sense. He had never married and was a model son and brother. He has fallen before he has reached middle life, but it cannot be said his life is unfinished. No man dies before his time. Happy the man whose short life is crowned with the loving service and noble deeds that filled the life of Dr. Caldwell. He was ready, for he

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lived daily in the presence of his Master. When he "put out to sea" and met his "Pilot face to face," he knew that the sea of eternity upon which he would enter would be calm and serene and he could walk upon its quiet bosom with his Pilot.

[From the *Greensboro Record*.]

A LOVABLE MAN.

The Presbyterian Church suffers a distinct loss in the death of Rev. R. E. Caldwell, D. D. He was a brainy man, a hard worker, systematic, and kept always at it. He had been at Winston ten years and his congregation is well-nigh heart-broken over his untimely death. He was a son of the First Presbyterian Church in Greensboro, having studied and entered the ministry under its guardianship, and the people of this place who knew and loved him are as deeply grieved as his own congregation. He was never married, but devoted his life to the comfort of his aged mother. He had a genial smile for every one and was a lovable man in every respect.

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[From the *Greensboro Telegram*.]

WILL BE SORELY MISSED.

Greensboro and section have seldom been so severely shocked at a death as at that of Dr. R. E. Caldwell, late pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Winston. This was a token of the prominence and worth of the man. Having led a most useful and godly life, he will be sorely missed.

[From the *Charlotte Chronicle*.]

ONE OF THE MASTER'S FAITHFUL SERVANTS.

One of the ablest ministers of the Presbyterian Church in this State, and one of the most lovable of men, passed away in the death of Rev. Dr. Caldwell, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Winston, which occurred Sunday morning, in Philadelphia. His death is an event that will be mourned by all who knew him. One of the Master's most faithful servants has been called from his labors in the vineyard.

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A BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE TO REV. ROBERT E. CALDWELL, D. D.

Some of the friends of his early youth have mourned here in Massachusetts the loss to our Southern church in the death of Rev. Robert E. Caldwell. We have recalled his bright and interesting personality during his college days in Chapel Hill, and later how that interest and friendship was heightened by the surprising news that his life was to be consecrated to the church.

And we have followed his career until he has been caught upward and lost to our view.

As we stand "gazing up into Heaven after him," we pray a blessing upon those dear to him left behind.

JULIA SPENCER LOVE.

Cambridge, Mass.

[Philadelphia Correspondent to *The Moravian*, Bethlehem, Pa., Jan. 7, 1904.]

The departure in the early morning of the first Sunday in the new year of the Rev. R. E. Caldwell, of Winston-Salem, North Carolina, filled our own as it will have filled the heart of the entire community in which he lived and labored so long as pastor of the Presbyterian Church, with the deepest sorrow. Our friend and brother had come to our city only a few

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days previous to his departure which followed an operation for appendicitis. He was one of the most genial and lovable of men, and one whose presence will be sadly missed not alone in his own but in many homes. How beautifully our own Montgomery has expressed our own feelings in his touching hymn:

“Friend after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end.”

[From the *Memorabilia* of 1904—Home Moravian Church, Salem, N. C.]

On January 6 we committed to the earth amid general sorrows the mortal remains of our dear Dr. Robert E. Caldwell, a ripe Christian scholar, an able preacher, a great worker for souls, and a beautiful spirit in every way.

[Dr. J. B. Alexander, in *Charlotte Observer*.]

Rev. Robert Ernest Caldwell had every advantage that a young man could desire. He was handsome and had perfect manners, was easy and graceful. He was a popular and most lovable minister and pastor. He died at the age of forty-five years, lamented by the whole State.

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[From the *Union Republican*, Winston-Salem.]

Truly a beloved pastor, an honored citizen and a consecrated representative of the Master has suddenly and unexpectedly been called from the scenes of a busy and useful life to his eternal reward. In the meridian of physical manhood and vigor, intellectually gifted, and loved by all, his death causes widespread sorrow and regret, but God so willed and we bow in humble submission. Dr. Caldwell has fought the good fight, and is wearing the victor's crown. Though lost to sight, the memory of the good he has done as a minister, citizen and friend will long survive him. When the summons came it found him busy, but ready. Let us who knew him well emulate his example. Then life will be worth the living, and death but the gateway to joys eternal.

[Mt. Airy Correspondent, *Charlotte Observer*.]

This whole community was shocked and grieved to learn the sad news of the death of Rev. R. E. Caldwell, of Winston. He was a great favorite in Mount Airy, and on the third Sunday of this month he was expected to dedicate the handsome stone chapel recently built by the Presbyterian Church at the rock quarries near the town.

V. MEMORIALS.

[Memorial by Synod of North Carolina at its Ninety-first Annual Session First Presbyterian Church, Durham, November, 1904. Prepared by Rev. R. F. Campbell, D. D., of Ashville, North Carolina.]

IN MEMORIAM.

ROBERT ERNEST CALDWELL was born October 18, 1858, and died in Philadelphia January 3, 1904, after a serious surgical operation.

Dr. Caldwell was descended from a long line of distinguished Presbyterian ministers, among whom were the Rev. Dr. Alexander Craighead and the Rev. Dr. David Caldwell, whose names are indissolubly linked with all that is most glorious in the early history of Presbyterianism in North Carolina.

After spending three years in study at the State University, Mr. Caldwell entered the famous law school of Judges Dick and Dillard at Greensboro, intending to devote himself to the profession that had been graced by his distinguished father, the Hon. Walter Pharr Caldwell. But before he had completed his

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course of study in the law, there came to him a louder call, which echoed and re-echoed in his heart in the solemn refrain, "Woe is me, if I preach not the Gospel!" In obedience to this call, he entered Union Seminary, Virginia, in the fall of 1881, and after completing the full course in this institution, he took a year's post-graduate work at Princeton.

He was licensed by Orange Presbytery in the spring of 1884, and later, in the same year, was ordained by Louisville Presbytery and installed the first pastor of South Frankfort Church, Kentucky.

In 1900 Mr. Caldwell received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Central University, which in conferring this honor upon him was only setting its seal to the testimony of the Presbyterians of his adopted State to his ability and worth.

The larger part of Dr. Caldwell's ministry was spent at Winston, North Carolina, where for eleven years, as pastor of one of the most important churches of the Synod, he found an ample field for the exercise of his rare gifts. During his pastorate at Winston, more than five hundred new members were added to the church and over \$50,000 was contributed to ecclesiastical and benevolent causes.

In addition to his laborious work as pastor, he was one of the most faithful and efficient members of his Presbytery and of the Synod of North Carolina, and his brethren in these bodies will miss his wise counsel and his energetic and unselfish service.

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Dr. Caldwell was "a man of cheerful yesterdays and confident tomorrows," full of magnetic optimism and warm comradeship. The cordial handshake, the contagious laugh, the sunshine of his face, as free and spontaneous as the light of day,—who that knew him can ever forget these? And, best of all, "the beauty of the Lord his God was upon him," shedding forth a holy "light that never was on sea or land."

[Memorial by Orange Presbytery during the meeting in the First Presbyterian Church, Greensboro, N. C., April 13, 1904.]

IN MEMORIAM.

The Rev. Robert Ernest Caldwell, D. D., whose lamented death took place in Philadelphia on January 3, 1904, at 3.30 o'clock a. m., was born October 18, 1858. His death occurred when he was in the prime of his life and usefulness at a little more than forty-five years of age. He died far away from home, having submitted to a serious surgical operation. We feel assured his end was peace, and that he calmly committed his soul into his Saviour's hands.

Dr. Caldwell traced his descent through a long and illustrious line of Presbyterian ministers, running back two hundred and fifty years to the time when the family came, first from Scotland to the north of Ireland, and thence to America. In all this time his father

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was the single exception in the lineal descent when his ancestors were not preachers. Some of them have been greatly distinguished in the work of planting and developing the Presbyterian Church in North Carolina. Dr. Alexander Craighead, one of his ancestors, was the first Presbyterian minister in western North Carolina, and the third in the State. The Rev. Dr. David Caldwell—"Clarum et venerabile nomen"—the great-grandfather of the subject of this memorial sketch, was one of the most distinguished and successful and useful ministers the Church has ever had in the State. He organized Buffalo and Alamance Churches in this county (Guilford), and was their first pastor, and at Alamance his pastorate covered the long period of sixty years. His son, the Rev. Dr. Samuel Caldwell, was for many years the beloved and successful pastor of Sugar Creek Church in Mecklenburg Presbytery. His son, the Hon. Walter Pharr Caldwell, was an eminent solicitor and served as district attorney in the western district of North Carolina. It is only what we might expect that one who had a heritage of such a long line of pious and consecrated ancestors—"who lured to brighter worlds and led the way"—should follow in their footsteps, and give himself to the service of the Master.

Bro. Caldwell spent his boyhood in Statesville, moving to Greensboro when he was about fifteen years of age. He was prepared for college in Lenoir, thence he went to Chapel Hill, and spent three years in a special

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course at the University. His earlier plan was to become a lawyer, but after studying for a while in the law school of Judges Dick and Dillard, both of whom were distinguished jurists, and both elders in the First Presbyterian Church of this city (Greensboro), he heard the call to a grander service, to preach the Gospel, and instantly said: "Here am I, Lord, send me." After taking the full course at Union Seminary, Virginia, and a year of post-graduate work at Princeton, New Jersey, he was licensed by Orange Presbytery in 1884, and later in the same year he was ordained by Louisville Presbytery and installed the first pastor of South Frankfort Church, Kentucky. Here and in other places he was successful, but his great work was done at Winston, North Carolina, where for eleven years, until his untimely death, he was pastor of one of the largest and most influential churches of this Presbytery. His work here was large and faithful and successful. During this pastorate more than five hundred new members were received, and more than fifty thousand dollars were contributed to all the causes of the Church. As pastor of that church his work was solid and substantial, and will stand as a lasting monument to his memory. His people were devoted to him, and the entire community, irrespective of denomination, wept in sadness when the sorrowful tidings came that Sunday morning that Dr. Caldwell had passed up to be forever with his Lord.

In 1900 Bro. Caldwell received the degree of Doctor

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of Divinity from Central University, Kentucky, and the honor fell on worthy shoulders and was modestly worn. In the work of the Presbytery and Synod, few of the brethren were more useful. He was always ready to do his part in the service of the Church. He was a fine parliamentarian, a wise counsellor, a safe and prudent leader, and an energetic and active worker. He was kind and charitable in all his thoughts. There was no guile or malice in his heart. We shall sadly miss him in all the work of the Presbytery; there is a big vacuum created by his death, and our hearts are all sad over a great bereavement, for we all loved Ernest Caldwell. We shall miss his hearty hand-shake, his merry smile, the sunshine of his disposition, his warm and ready sympathy from a heart that filled all his bosom, and, above all, his deep and contagious spirituality. Let us who are left a little longer in the work stand closer together, be more in touch with one another and be more faithful in every good word and work.

EGBERT W. SMITH,
B. W. MEBANE,
W. F. CARTER,
Committee.

On the adoption of the Memorial, the Rev. D. I. Craig, of Reidsville, said, in substance:

BRETHREN: As we are gathered here today in this beautiful church, and have listened to this beautiful

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and fitting Memorial, read by Dr. Mebane, of our deceased brother, my heart and soul have been stirred within me. I have thought of the past, and of the future, and have wondered if the "spirits of just men made perfect" are permitted to look back upon the scenes of earth, and to be consciously present in an assembly like this! I recall the venerable form and face of Dr. Smith, the former pastor of this church, as I have seen him sit in that chair, and as I hear the very tones of his voice in prayer and praise to God. He was the faithful pastor and wise teacher of the boy—the merry, happy-hearted boy—Ernest Caldwell, who was once a member of this church, and whose noble life we remember today, and sadly lament its untimely end. They are gone, teacher and pupil, from this beautiful earthly temple, to the "Temple of God not made with hands eternal in the heavens;" and within these walls seem to be a proper place to bear testimony to the value, the beauty, and the simplicity of that noble life so suddenly gone from us.

Dr. Caldwell was of a nature and temperament easily approached by any one, and while he was universally popular, yet it was only those who knew him best who loved him most.

He was naturally full of life, fun and merry-heartedness—God made him so, and he usually looked on the bright side of things, but he had his dark days, his clouds and shadows, like us all; and it was then, in times of deep reflection and sober thought, that the

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beauty and force of his character were best seen. In the midst of perplexities and in the face of stern duty, his soul seemed to become transparent, and his earnest desire to do right, his gentleness and tenderness of spirit, and his simple and abiding faith in God, were seen and felt in such a manner as to draw men to him and to make his influence a strong and lasting power for good. It was this guileless and childlike spirit, after the pattern of his Master, seen in the intellectually strong man, and always accompanied by a hearty and friendly greeting, which made him conspicuous and lovable among men, and successful in winning souls for the Master.

He was a conspicuous factor in the Synod of North Carolina, having often held positions of trust, and having once been honored by being made its Moderator, and his preaching was widely and favorably known as being sound, practical and impressive. His worth and usefulness in this Presbytery are well known by us all, and indeed he will be missed by all the Church in North Carolina.

Yes, we shall miss him, as has been beautifully said in that Memorial: "We shall miss his hearty handshake, his merry smile, the sunshine of his disposition, and the warm and ready sympathy that filled all his bosom"; and yet, "he being dead, yet speaketh," for the influence and usefulness of his life can never die. I thank God that he lived, and that it was my lot

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to know him as a friend and as a brother beloved in the Lord.

“With us his name shall live
Through long succeeding years,
Embalmed with all our hearts can give,
Our praises and our tears.”

[Memorial by Session of the First Presbyterian Church, Winston-Salem, N. C.]

IN MEMORIAM.

Rev. R. E. Caldwell, D. D.

We, the elders of the First Presbyterian Church of Winston, North Carolina, desire to offer a tribute of love to the memory of our beloved pastor, who has been so suddenly called away to enter the House not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens.

While the sadness and sorrow, the breavement and loss, are ours, we are cheered by the thoughts of life's work well done, of a victor's crown, of the glories of immortal life, of the everlasting peace and joy into which he has entered.

During the nearly eleven years of intimate association, we would bear testimony to his consecrated loyalty to his church; to his devoted energy in the work for the Master whom he served; to the consciousness

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of the sacred responsibility of his office as preacher and pastor; to the spirit of love which dominated his life, and to the purity of his life as he walked among men.

His influence was not bounded by the lines of his own church; he was honored and esteemed by many of all faiths, as was evidenced by the many expressions of sympathy, not only for our church in its loss, but of high esteem and appreciation of Dr. Caldwell himself, coming from every part of the community.

As a citizen he stood for civic righteousness and everything that would promote the moral and good order of his community.

He was a very positive believer in the correctness of the peculiar creeds and policy of his own church, but he manifested to his fellow Christians of other communions a liberal spirit, sincere regard and the kindest courtesy; and few pastors have enjoyed more highly than he did the love and esteem of his fellow pastors.

In the death of Dr. Caldwell, there is a personal loss to ourselves, a loss to this church and community, but, in a wider sense, there is a loss to the entire Church. As a Presbyterian he was useful, wise and active in the courts of his Church, and the many positions of trust and importance he filled both in Orange Presbytery and in the Synod, testified to the confidence and regard in which he was held.

As a preacher he was remarkably clear and forceful

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in the presentation of the Gospel themes, and he was never more so than when pressing upon men the call to repentance and the acceptance of salvation.

As a pastor and friend, visiting the homes of his people, he brought his genial, cheerful manner and bright countenance to cheer the sick and comfort the sorrowing and afflicted members of his flock. The poor welcomed him as a friend, and found his visits a benediction.

His labors are now ended, and he has entered into his reward. "Well done, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

In connection with the foregoing, we would offer the following resolutions:

First, Resolved, That while we feel deeply the sudden departure of our pastor, Rev. Robert Ernest Caldwell, D. D., on Sunday morning, January 3, 1904, in the city of Philadelphia, under circumstances that appeal most strongly to our sympathies, yet we recognize the Divine Hand and Will, and do bow in humble submission to Him who doeth all things well.

Second, Resolved, That we strive to emulate his example in those admirable traits which tend so greatly to enlarge the sentiments and feelings of Christian fellowship and which promote the cause of Christianity among our fellow men.

Resolved, That a copy of our proceedings be sent to the mother of our beloved pastor, with the assurance

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of our deepest sympathy and our earnest prayer that the richest blessing of our gracious Lord and the presence and precious ministry of the Holy Comforter may ever abide with her.

T. J. BROWN,
J. M. ROGERS,
T. A. WILSON,*
J. W. SHEPHERD,
W. B. CARTER,
THOMAS PATTERSON.

*Died February 4, 1905.

[Memorial by Board of Deacons of the First Presbyterian Church, Winston-Salem, N. C.]

IN MEMORIAM.

Dr. Robert. E. Caldwell.

WHEREAS, It has pleased our Heavenly Father to remove from us our beloved pastor, Rev. Robert E. Caldwell, D. D., whose death has cast a shadow of gloom and sorrow over the hearts of all who knew him ; and

WHEREAS, We, the Board of Deacons of his church, which he loved so well, desire to offer a tribute of love, however inadequate, to the memory of our departed

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pastor and friend, and to tender our heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved family; therefore,

Resolved, That while we recognize the hand of a wise and merciful God in this sad dispensation, and humbly bow to the divine will, it is with profound emotions of sorrow that we contemplate the lamented death of our pastor. By it we feel the personal loss of a faithful and wise counsellor in our official relations to the church, as well as the loss of a true friend in all the relations of life; the Church, the loss of a consecrated, earnest and faithful minister and pastor, and the community the loss of a patriotic, upright, Christian citizen, whose kind and gentle disposition won for him the love and esteem of all who knew him.

Resolved, That we will endeavor to emulate the many virtues and noble qualities of our deceased brother.

Resolved, That we tender our sincere and heartfelt sympathy to his loving and devoted mother and sisters in their sad bereavement.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon our minutes, and that a copy be sent to the mother of our deceased friend.

E. D. VAUGHN, Chairman.

D. P. MAST, Secretary.

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At a meeting of the Annex Committee of the First Presbyterian Church of Winston, held at the office of the Wachovia Loan and Trust Company, January 12, 1904, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted and ordered to be spread upon the minutes of the meeting:

RESOLUTIONS.

Inasmuch as it has pleased the Great Head of the Church to call to his reward and transfer from the visible Church on earth to a place among the redeemed of God in Heaven, our beloved pastor, Rev. Robert E. Caldwell; therefore, be it

Resolved, First, That while we feel our loss almost irreparable, and our hearts are heavy with grief, yet we trust our God, and bow in humble submission to His divine will, feeling He will not leave us comfortless nor forsake us in the hour of our great need.

Resolved, Second, That we push to a speedy completion this work which was dear to the heart of our deceased pastor, and name this building which is to be erected as an addition to our church, the R. E. Caldwell Memorial Building, erecting therein a suitable tablet bearing an inscription to his memory.

Resolved, Third, That it is the purpose of this com-

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mittee in its name to place in our present church building a memorial window in memory of Dr. Caldwell.

ANNEX COMMITTEE OF THE

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

GEO. S. NORFLEET, Chairman.

THOS. MASLIN, Sec. and Treas.

E. L. ANDERSON.

ROBT. C. NORFLEET.

GEO. T. BROWN.

R. W. GORRELL.

E. W. O'HANLON.

MEMORIAL.

[By the Ladies Aid Society of the Presbyterian Church, Winston-Salem, February 1, 1904.]

We, the members of the Ladies' Aid Society, desire, to express with sorrowing hearts our love and esteem for our pastor, Dr. R. E. Caldwell, and to render a tribute to his memory, both tender and true.

The tie between the pastor and this society was possibly closer and more sympathetic than between any other organization in his church.

How we shall miss the bright and radiant face, as he so often stood amongst us, full of the work in which he would claim our aid and co-operation.

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We want to bear record to his unceasing watchfulness of the stranger, the poor, and the wandering in our midst; to his constant endeavor to make us a working power in the kingdom; to his loving efforts to secure mutual acquaintance and fellowship between all classes of his flock.

May we ever be grateful for the memory he has left us of a hopeful, joyous, sunshiny service for the Master, as well for its courage and faithfulness. May we endeavor, through the days that are to come, to fulfill in ourselves the work he would have us do, deeds of loving kindness and tender helpfulness to others.

Resolved, That this tribute be entered upon the secretary's book, and that a copy be sent to dear Mrs. Caldwell, with the heartfelt sympathy of this Society.

MRS. T. A. WILSON, President.

MRS. W. P. REID, Secretary.

[Memorial by the Ladies' Foreign Missions Society of the First Presbyterian Church of Winston-Salem, N. C.]

The following resolutions were adopted by the Ladies' Foreign Missionary Society, January —, 1904:

WHEREAS, In His infinite wisdom, God has suddenly called home our beloved pastor, Rev. R. E. Caldwell, D. D., thereby making us realize the uncertainty of life, and that we shall no more have his earnest prayers

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and his unfailing interest in our work, we feel that it is becoming in us to give expression to our love, our sincere grief, and our sense of our loss.

Resolved, Therefore, that while we mourn with a sorrow as sincere as it is deep, we would still endeavor to submit to the will of Him who we are sure makes no mistakes, and who, in the person of the Comforter, will speak words of comfort to us, and will remind some of us at least, that the parting will not be for long.

Resolved, That through all our remaining lives we will be grateful to God for the example of zeal and of love which was set us, and we pray that when we are called to go we may be able to look back on lives as faithful, as loving, and as honored as his. That we may recall his sunny smile, his cheerful, cordial greetings, his earnest efforts to present a church without spot or wrinkle, and that we may thank God that it was our privilege to have worked with him and prayed with him for the upbuilding of Zion; and that we may take henceforth, as our motto, "Be ye also ready."

That we may draw nearer to God and Heaven, since we have another link binding us to the Throne.

That we desire, as a society, to tender our heartfelt sympathy and love to her upon whom the blow falls heaviest, and to those sisters with whom we sincerely grieve.

That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the mother

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and sisters of our pastor, and another be spread upon the minutes of this Society.

MRS. J. M. ROGERS,
S. O'H. DICKSON,
Committee.

[Memorial by the Wiley Mission Band.]

The Wiley Mission Band of the Presbyterian Church of Winston desire to give a tribute of love to their beloved Pastor, Dr. Caldwell, who always met them with a smile and who won all the hearts of the dear children by his bright, attractive ways.

Well do we remember when we gave out the little blue stockings for the children's Christmas offering, how he asked to have one to fill, saying he wanted to have his name on the cradle roll of the Wiley Band.

He always encouraged us in our work and was ever ready to help us plan for larger work.

With his encouragement this Band took a fifty-dollar share in our medical work in Korea.

MRS. C. H. WILEY,

Leader.

MRS. MARY NORFLEET SHEPHERD,

Treasurer.

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[Memorial by the D. C. Rankin Missionary Society.]

In the death of our beloved Pastor, Dr. Caldwell, we feel that not only has our Society lost a staunch friend, a wise counsellor, an ever-ready helper, but that the cause of missions has sustained an irreparable loss.

We recall with what earnestness and enthusiasm Dr. Caldwell labored for the cause we represent, how ready and willing he was to help us in every way and to encourage us in our work of spreading the gospel.

We feel that under his ministrations our zeal for missions was deepened, our love for the work strengthened and enlarged.

We pray that the memory of his noble life, his love for the Master, his zeal for His work, may cause us to labor more faithfully, more zealously in our work as a Society.

MARY CALLUM WILEY,
MRS. R. C. NORFLEET.

[Memorial by the Ministerial Association of Winston-Salem, January 11, 1904.]

WHEREAS, It has pleased our Heavenly Father in His wise and inscrutable providence to remove from our Ministerial Association, and our community, Dr. Robert Ernest Caldwell, Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in our city. Therefore;

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Resolved First.—That we bow with humble submission to the will of Him who walks in the midst of the golden candlesticks, and does with His servants what seems best to Him.

Resolved Second.—That we will ever cherish his memory as a brother beloved, as an able Minister of the New Testament, rightly dividing the word of truth and giving to every one his portion in due season, as a faithful pastor whose unwearied labors, and wholesome Christian influence wrought mightily for good in our Twin City.

Resolved Third.—That we put on record our appreciation of his presence, his power and influence for good while among us, and our sense of personal bereavement and loss in his death.

Resolved Fourth.—That we will emulate his manly virtues and imitate his example as he imitated the example of Christ.

Resolved Fifth.—That we tender to the Church of which he was pastor an expression of our sympathy in their sorrow, and our sincere desire for the guidance of the Holy Spirit in all their future work.

Resolved Sixth.—That we commend to the tender mercies of our God, the devoted Mother and Sisters of our dear departed brother.

Resolved Seventh.—That a copy of these Resolutions be spread upon our Minutes, sent to the family of

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the bereaved, and given to our city papers for publication.

DR. H. A. BROWN,
RT. REV. EDWARD RONDTHALER,
Committee.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT ADOPTED BY WOMAN'S MISSIONARY UNION.

At the annual meeting of the Missionary Union of Orange Presbytery in Westminster Presbyterian Church, Greensboro, N. C., in April, 1904, resolutions of respect for Rev. Robert Ernest Caldwell, the late lamented pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Winston-Salem, who was chairman of Foreign Missions for Orange Presbytery, were adopted as follows:

WHEREAS, Since our last annual meeting the Rev Robert Ernest Caldwell, D. D., the beloved chairman of the Foreign Missionary Committee of Orange Presbytery has been called from earthly ties into the "Blest Communion Fellowship Divine"—we therefore, the members of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Union of Orange Presbytery do hereby record our sorrowful conviction, that in his death our Union has lost a wise and faithful friend—the cause of Missions a noble advocate. The Church of Christ a consecrated minister and the world, a golden-hearted Christian gentleman.

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To his dear mother and sisters, and the wider circle of bereaved relatives we offer our tender sympathy. In the hush of this great bereavement, we pray that all of us may hear:

“That inward, that unspoken speech,
That greets us still tho’ mortal tongues be dust
It bids us do the work that they laid down,
Take up the song where they broke off strains, so journeying ’till we reach the heavenly town,
Where are laid up our treasures and our crown,
And our lost ones will be found again.”

[From *The Journal*, Winston-Salem, N. C., Jan. 15, 1904.]

MASONIC HONORS.

Resolutions in Memory of Dr. R. E. Caldwell.

*By Knights Templar, of which Order He was Prelate
—Heartfelt Condolence Tendered to Bereaved
Relatives.*

The late R. E. Caldwell was a distinguished member of the Masonic Order, Knights Templar. By this order he was most highly esteemed and by this order he was laid to rest.

Their love of the man living and sorrow occasioned by his death is expressed in the following preambles and resolutions:

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WHEREAS, It has pleased our Heavenly Father in His all wise Providence to remove from earthly scenes and activity and gather unto Himself our dearly beloved prelate and frater, Dr. Robert Ernest Caldwell, and

WHEREAS, Piedmont Commandery, No. 6, Knights Templar, of Winston, N. C., feeling keenly the loss it has sustained, in common with this community and the Christian world, by the death of this true and consecrated Christian gentleman and Sir Knight, which in our poor and imperfect understanding seems so untimely and unfortunate; and

WHEREAS, By the traditions and practice of our order and the precepts of our beloved brother, we are taught to humbly bow in meek and humble submission to the will of Him from whom comes all our blessings and whom we acknowledge as an allwise and unerring Father.

Resolved, That we bow in humble submission to His will, and recognize that our loss, great and irreparable as it seems, is an inestimable gain to our dear departed brother and friend, and the just reward to which his good works, while on earth, entitle him as a faithful and earnest worker in the vineyard of our Lord.

Resolved, Further, that we will ever cherish his memory as a sweet and gentle benediction wherever and whenever it was our good fortune to come within

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his presence; his every thought and act in life was to make the world better and brighter and men nobler, and we shall ever count it a blessing that we were permitted to live and associate with such a brother and one who so well exemplified the manly Christian virtues of truth, charity, kindness and brotherly love.

Resolved, further, That to the bereaved mother and sisters we tender our deep and sincere condolence and assure them of our heartfelt sympathy in the great loss which they have sustained.

Resolved, further, That a copy of these resolutions shall be incorporated in our records, a copy sent to Mrs. Caldwell and to the city papers for publication.

Piedmont Commandery, No. 6, Knights Templar.

D. P. MAST,

J. K. NORFLEET,

J. L. LUDLOW,

Committee.

[From the *Daily Sentinel*, Winston-Salem, N. C., Jan. 21, 1904.]

A BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE

To Memory of Rev. R. E. Caldwell, by Masons.

The following beautiful tribute to the memory of Rev. R. E. Caldwell has been adopted by the Winston Lodge, No. 167, A. F. and A. M.:

MEMORIALS.

The special committee appointed by Winston Lodge, 167, A. F. and A. M., to prepare suitable resolutions on the death of Brother R. E. Caldwell, beg leave to submit the following report :

Brethren—Death has entered our ranks and taken from us one of our most worthy and esteemed members—Brother R. E. Caldwell. While our fraternity has sustained a great loss we bow with resignation to the decree of Providence and offer this tribute of reverence to his memory.

Brother Caldwell possessed in a striking degree all the characteristics of a lovable man and successful minister of the Gospel. He was endowed with a moral and a physical courage which was equal to every emergency. Calm amidst excitement, patient under trials, earnest in his allegiance wherever it rested, loyal to every great cause and work he was engaged in, loyal to his state and town and loyal to his God. These noble traits, combined with a sensitive nature and a singularly tender heart, showed him to be a living exemplification of Masonic virtue and graces.

His was a sunny nature, bright and beautiful. His heart was attuned to gladness. He looked for the best in men and sought to make the world joyous and happy by sending out from his own glad heart an influence that lingered in our memory like a fragrant flower, sweetening the memories, the thoughts, the feelings, the affections, the temper and the heart. He made duty the jewel clasp to bind the beauties, loves and hopes of

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earth's fragrant spring time to the spring mount of God, with malice toward none, with charity toward all, our brother has passed from our view. We shall not meet him again until he stands forth to answer to his name at the roll call when we are all summoned to the service and worship of the Great Master in the Heavenly Temple. He has left the richest legacy which man can leave to man, the memory of a good name, the inheritance of a great example. May we emulate the bright example he has left us and at last receive the welcome applaudit, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

May the healing balm from the unfailing supply of the Saviour be poured into our hearts and into the hearts of the bereaved and stricken family.

O. B. EATON,
GEORGE S. NORFLEET,
R. E. TRANSOU,
Committee.

[Resolutions of Damon Lodge, Knights of Pythias.]

*Castle Hall, Damon Lodge, No. 41, K. of P., Winston
North Carolina, January 14, 1904.*

WHEREAS, It has pleased an allwise Providence to remove from among us our beloved Brother Robt. E. Caldwell, be it *Resolved*:

MEMORIALS.

First.—That while we bow in meek submission to the inscrutable ways of Providence, we are highly sensible of the lofty aims, noble life, and spotless character of our departed brother, and we are deeply grieved at his untimely loss to us, both as a citizen and a loyal and honored member of Damon Lodge, No. 41, K. of P.

Second.—That we tender our sincere sympathy to the bereaved relatives in their hour of sorrow and commend them to the care of the Author of all joy as well as sorrow.

Third.—That these resolutions be spread upon the Minutes of the Lodge, published in the local press, and that the Keeper of Records and Seals send a copy of the same to members of the family.

A. B. BYNUM,
R. C. TAYLOR,
Committee.

[Tribute of Salem Lodge, No. 289, A. F. & A. M., Jan. 9, 1904.]

Cherishing the remembrance of, and very great friendship for, our deceased friend and brother, R. E. Caldwell, although not a member of Salem Lodge, No. 289, A. F. & A. M., this organization did, in regular meeting assembled, on the evening of January 5, by unanimous action, express deep regret at the appar-

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ently untimely removal from our midst by dissolution of our friend and brother, and does further extend to his family, *most sincere* sympathy in this hour of sad bereavement.

We commend them to Him who gave, and hast, in His all-wise Providence taken away, for that comfort which He alone can give in times of sore bereavement, and our sincere prayer is that we all may be happily reunited in that better world where partings never come, and supreme joy and perfect peace remain forevermore.

“When those we love in Jesus sleep,
How sweet the strains their spirits pour;
Oh! why should we in anguish weep?
They are not lost, *but gone before.*”

E. A. EBERT, Secretary *pro tem.*

VI. REMINISCENCES.

[By Prof. J. H. Hill, Statesville, N. C.]

MANY tender associations endear the memory of Robert Ernest Caldwell to the people of Statesville, his native town, especially to the Presbyterian congregation of which he was a baptized member.

Here he spent the first fifteen years of his life.

He was a typical boy, active in mind, buoyant in spirit, with a merry countenance upon which a quiet smile seemed ever ready to resolve itself into a hearty laugh.

Who can estimate the possibilities of boyhood? How much depends upon circumstances, how much upon the kind of influence that shapes its course!

One fact connected with the early training of this only son deserves special notice.

Under the guidance of a faithful mother, he was required to be in his place at the prayer meeting, in the Sabbath school, and at the church service. His subsequent life bore grateful testimony to the wisdom of this requirement.

After graduation at the State University, it was natural that he should select for his life-work the



ROBT. E. CALDWELL.
TAKEN ONE YEAR BEFORE DEATH.

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honored profession of his father, an able lawyer and high-toned gentleman.

But his was a godly ancestry, noted for the number of ministers in the Presbyterian Church. The great King and Head of the church militant had chosen, qualified and appointed him to the same high calling.

The friends of his boyhood rejoiced to learn that he had made a profession of faith, and consecrated his life to the ministry.

Having completed his theological training in that excellent school of the prophets—Union Seminary—few young men surpassed him in natural and acquired qualifications for his chosen work. He was possessed of a high degree of culture, affable and easy in manner, gentle but firm in disposition, and was endowed with a large measure of common sense.

Twice after his licensure he returned to his native place to perform important service. In 1893, after the erection of the new building now occupied by the Presbyterian congregation, by the unanimous request of the beloved pastor, Rev. Wm. A. Wood, D. D., and people, he preached the dedicatory sermon, which was appropriate in every sense of the word, and greatly enjoyed by all who heard it.

Again, in October, 1901, at the earnest solicitation of the pastor, Rev. C. M. Richards, the session and congregation, he came to conduct a protracted meeting which continued two weeks.

Never within the recollection of the oldest member

REMINISCENCES.

had our people been so stirred as on this happy occasion. Christians were greatly revived and many precious souls saved.

Forty-two young persons, most of them boys, professed faith in Christ, and were received into the church.

It was indeed a glorious season of grace, never to be forgotten. The series of sermons could not be surpassed in appropriateness. They contained the plain, simple truths of the Gospel, presented with so much earnestness and warmth of affection as to move even the hardest hearts.

So delighted were the session with the preaching and wise mode of conducting the meeting, that at their entreaty a promise was secured for his return at the proper time to conduct a like service. Alas! The uncertainty of life!

The sainted brother now enjoys a perfect service in the upper sanctuary.

Strange to us that he should have been called away in the prime of life, and in the midst of increasing usefulness. But the Lord says, "My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways."

Let us thank Him for the gift of so useful a life.

The early death of a good man means only less of the sin and sorrow of earth, and more of the joys of Heaven.

Who can measure the power of a holy life? How grand the calling of the consecrated minister!

REMINISCENCES.

[By Rev. E. A. Osborne of the Episcopal Church, Charlotte, North Carolina.]

I have seldom known a person possessed of a more lovely and attractive character than that of our dear deceased brother, Rev. R. E. Caldwell, D. D.

As a child he was lovely and beautiful in person and character, as I knew him in his boyhood days at Statesville. As a man he seemed to fulfill all the promise of an unusually bright, amiable and talented youth, and the hopes of his fond and devoted parents, who bestowed upon him all the care and attention that parental love and affection could suggest, were fully realized in him.

As a minister of the Gospel, while firmly attached to that branch of the church to which he gave his life and labors, he was full of charity and good will towards all Christian people, and always seemed glad to make the most of such principles as were held in common between him and them.

We can truly say that the Church, the State, and society are immensely poorer for the loss of this good man.

[By Mr. G. S. Bradshaw, Greensboro, N. C., Jan. 4, 1904.]

REV. ROBERT ERNEST CALDWELL, D. D.

The Passing of a Great and Good Man.

Twenty-five years ago—a quarter of a century—

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there might have been seen in the whirl of Greensboros' young life a group of boys whose faces and names come trooping down memory's aisle as this pencil wanders back to those halcyon hours.

"Lulled in the countless chambers of the brain, and linked by many a hidden chain." No jollier or happier boys ever stood under the mistletoe than those who made up that merry group. Nor can there be found in time's tireless calendar more joyous hours than those which filled the holidays for that aspiring group of splendid fellows. And in that proud group there was one whose sunny soul never knew the shadow of an eclipse, whose gentle impulses were always warm, whose nerve was always knightly, whose handsome face was ever beaming, whose every instinct was generous and chivalrous, whose kindly word and ready wit were the charm of every hour, whose noble heart was upon his sleeve in every thought and in every deed, and whose life was fragrant with the flowers of its own sowing. Ernest Caldwell he was and is to those who touched his life in those swiftly speeding days. No one of that group will wonder that bitter tears unbidden bedewed the yellow paper that bore the sad tidings of his demise to his faithful flock on yesterday, or will marvel at the evidences of devotion which mark the record of the last sad honors to his memory today. No one of that group will ever forget the frank, brave and winning way in which he told of his high resolve to forsake and quit the chase of the

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empty phantoms of worldly ambitions and to spend and be spent and to stake his all in the service of the meek and lowly Nazarene. How wisely he chose, how splendidly he has wrought, and how gloriously he has won. Along the unballasted track of these twenty-five years, athwart which is strewn the debris of the wrecks of some of that proud group, he has escaped every wreck, and at the end finds the exit placarded with the welcome "Well done." I pause to weave and hang a simple wreath upon the cold door of his silent chamber today, and across it I would write what Leigh Hunt's angel wrote of the Arab chieftain, "And lo, Ben Adlem's name led all the rest."

[By Mrs. Cornelia Phillips Spencer, Cambridge, Mass.]

A little over twenty-five years ago, Robert Ernest Caldwell, when a student at Chapel Hill, was a member of my class in Sabbath school; but after he left the University I heard from him only at intervals.

I have often recalled with much pleasure his two days' visit at my house in Chapel Hill, not long before I left North Carolina, the only time I had seen him since he graduated. I thought he had developed admirably, and I observed him with affectionate interest, as one of *my boys*, apparently destined to a long life of great and growing influence in our beloved church—

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a model Presbyterian minister, manly, genial, cultivated, yet serious and devout, and inspiring in all his conversation.

I once had a letter from one of his college mates, whose life had been reclaimed from foolish dissipation, and who, telling me of his reformation, ascribed the turn to the right to a conversation he had had in the railroad station at Greensboro with Ernest Caldwell, and wrote, "What Caldwell said to me I never could shake from my mind—it cured me."

He was then living in Kentucky, and met his old friend by what we call accident. But there is no such thing as accident or chance. He had many warm friends who loved and appreciated him thoroughly, and I have felt his death a cruel blow.

[By Rev. A. L. Phillips, D. D., Richmond, Va.]

When small boys, Ernest Caldwell and I played together, and then became friends.

As the years went by, we met as students at the University of North Carolina, and as we had some classes together and were members of the same literary society, these college days drew closer the ties formed in boyhood, and I grew to love him more and more.

When he became a minister I greatly rejoiced, and it gave me the keenest pleasure to come in touch with him through all the years until his home-going. In

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every relation he was always the same cheerful, hearty, and genial companion.

His church work was characterized by great good sense and faithfulness.

I watched his career with the deepest interest, and was so thankful that God honored him again and again in special evangelistic services, when many souls were led to Jesus through his messages.

In the daily and ordinary work of the pastorate he was truly beloved and blessed.

His brethren in the dear old Synod of North Carolina respected him truly, and rejoiced to honor him.

His character developed with the years, and was adorned by a touch of his Lord until it became not only strong but beautiful.

When the news of his death reached me it came as a shock, and my heart cried out for my brother with whom I had had sweet communion.

His work will endure forever, being constructive in the best sense of the word.

[By Hon. E. B. Jones, Judge Eleventh District, Winston-Salem, N. C.]

It was my pleasure to first know and admire Dr. Caldwell when he crossed the threshold of boyhood and entered the law school of Judges Dick and Dillard at Greensboro, North Carolina.

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There his associates in the study of law learned to appreciate and love him as a true friend.

He was a knightly young gentleman, full of courtesy and grace. I left him at the law school, and entered the arduous life of a lawyer, and several years passed before we met again, as he soon after made his home in the State of Kentucky, in the service of the Master, where he won deserved distinction and love in his life's work.

In after years, when called to the pastorate of the church at Winston-Salem, North Carolina, I happily welcomed him once more into a closer friendship.

His father was a lawyer of marked ability, always kind and considerate to the younger members of the bar, ever ready to hold out his hand to encourage and lift up a struggling brother. What Dr. Caldwell did in the noble work of his Lord and Master is an earnest of what his character, influence and ability would have given to the profession of the law.

Cut down in the prime of life, just when his ripened experience was adding force to his well developed intellectual powers, his death was a great loss to the State, his church and to the cause to which he had so earnestly and faithfully dedicated his young life.

When I saw him on the day he left us, never to return, there was a shadow of sadness hanging over his kindly smile, but pain could not eradicate the gentle courteous manner, the warm greeting to friend and stranger alike, that characterized him in young man-

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hood, and was ever present through life. It was always the same.

God had given to him those traits of character that go to make the true man and Christian gentleman, and they could not be effaced.

One feels better that it was his fortune to have known such a man, and happier still that, through his short but useful life, there was one continuous thread of friendship unbroken till severed by death.

[By Rev. Robert P. Pell, President of Converse College, Spartansburg, S. C.]

Just as the College was reorganizing after the holidays I was shocked to read a telegram announcing the death of my comrade and friend, Robert Ernest Caldwell.

I wish to speak of my personal debt to him which I have never forgotten, and will never forget.

I will not stop to recall the delightful association I had with him at the preparatory school at Lenoir, North Carolina, and at the University at Chapel Hill.

In after years, when, on one night I was stopping at a hotel in Greensboro, he called to see me, occurred a conversation which had more to do with my becoming a Christian than any other earthly influence. He was then a theological student, previous to entering

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the ministry, but was already trying to do his Master's work.

While we talked together, he discovered my difficulty, and then, with the faithfulness of a true friend, did not hesitate to tell me as plainly as possible some truths about myself to which I was wholly insensible before. The memory of his words lingered with me many months, until I eventually surrendered my life to Christ.

This experience bound me more closely to him than ever before, and though we have rarely met during recent years, I have watched with eager pride every step he has taken, as far as I could learn of him through mutual acquaintances and the press.

I do hope one day to stand with him up yonder, and tell our King how true and loyal he was in his ministry here.

[By Rev. Walter W. Moore, D. D., President Union Theological Seminary, Richmond, Va.]

My acquaintance with Brother Caldwell began in 1883, the year I began to teach in Union Seminary. He was then a member of the graduating class. Though his work lay chiefly in the central west after he left the Seminary, our acquaintance was renewed from time to time, notably on the occasion of my marriage, when he was one of our attendants, and also in the years that

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followed, especially after he became pastor at Winston. Throughout this long acquaintance and friendship the thing that struck me most about him was his brightness and buoyancy of spirit. He was like a burst of sunshine. He was a Christian of the happy and helpful type. He had a sunny disposition, but better than that, he had a sunny faith. In my memory of him nothing stands out clearer than this cheeriness and hopefulness, growing out of an assured and peaceful trust in God. And it gave a joyousness to his general bearing as a minister, which was in itself, a benediction to the community.

Along with this he had a tender and sympathetic heart. And he was a deeply spiritual preacher. His sermons were those of a man of God, profoundly impressed with the responsibility of his office, full of prayer, loyal to the Scriptures, and rejoicing in the privilege of preaching the gospel of the grace of God.

Such a character, such a life, such a ministry, do not cease to exert their beneficent influence when the man in whom they were embodied is called away from us. They abide still to bless the community and church for which he labored. And so, "he being dead yet speaketh."

[By Rev. Thompson M. Hawes, D. D., Pastor Highland Presbyterian Church, Louisville, Ky.]

It was my privilege to enjoy a personal acquaintance and friendship with the lamented Rev. Robt. E. Cald-

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well, D. D., during his pastorate in the Highland Presbyterian Church. I also had the honor of being called to succeed him, when, on the protest of the congregation, his Presbytery directed him to take up evangelistic work in the State of Kentucky. My relation to him, therefore, enables me to speak out of personal knowledge of his character as a man, and his work as a pastor and preacher. He was a man of high ideals, and possessed a character in which beauty and strength were blended; positive in his convictions, but persuasive in presenting them, and, withal, manifesting a winsome personality. He was faithful as a pastor, and after the lapse of more than twelve years, is still affectionably remembered in many homes where his sudden death brought genuine sorrow.

[By Rev. Peyton H. Hoge, D. D., Pastor Warren Memorial Presbyterian Church, Louisville, Ky.]

So many things crowd my memory, so many pictures rise in my heart, for which a brief page gives no scope.

Days at the seminary with Robert Ernest Caldwell, when our lives were before us, and our hopes buoyant and strong; his installation at Winston when he was addressing himself with all his mental and spiritual ardor to the work of a new field, and had already won the hearts of his people; delightful reunions at Synod; a visit to my own home at Wilmington, N. C., where

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his warm, spiritual preaching, and his bright genial spirit made him many friends in the old coast town. Most of all, the months together on ancient rivers and balmy plains, and golden deserts, beneath Egyptian suns and Syrian skies : and

“In those holy fields over whose acres walked those blessed
feet,
Which eighteen hundred years ago were nailed,
For our advantage on the bitter cross.”

There is not a spot in all those lands the memory of which is not in some way intertwined with his.

And then, after several years, I met him at Clifton Springs, New York, with the same bright smile, the same genial ways, and the same thought for others, the same ready, responsive sympathy.

I believe if I had to single out one quality as most characteristic, it would be that he drew people to himself because of his personal interest in them.

Others may speak of his accurate scholarship, of his Biblical and theological thoroughness, of his attractive style, and his pastoral activity. I have preferred to speak rather of those qualities that made him my *friend* and a friend to many. For in these qualities it was, I think, that he was most like his Master.

[By Rev. J. S. Lyons, D. D., Pastor First Presbyterian Church, Louisville, Ky.]

The friendship which existed between Dr. Caldwell and myself dated from our seminary days at Hampden-

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Sidney. We belonged to different classes, but we had much in common, and were often together. Later, our lots were cast by Providence in the same synod, and for some years we were neighboring pastors.

The ties of friendship were strengthened by his ministry in joining me to my helpmate in life, and subsequently by baptizing our baby boy.

Exchange of pulpits, and pleasant and intimate social intercourse, gave me an estimate of his character, which imparted to the tidings of his death the sharpness of an arrow in the heart, and which leaves as the result of an earthly acquaintance, all too short, a strengthened conviction of the truth of our holy religion, and the blessedness of him whose meat and drink is to do his Master's will.

He studied to show himself approved unto God, a workman that needed not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the Word of Truth. He has fought the good fight, he has laid hold on eternal life, whereunto he was also called, and concerning which he had professed a good profession before many witnesses.

His character was an interesting complex of strength and gentleness, of courage and humility, of the sterner qualities of manhood and the attractive graces of a little child.

"His life was gentle; and the elements so mixed in him that nature might stand up and say to all the world, 'This was a man.' "

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[By Rev. D. Clay Lilly, D. D., Pastor First Presbyterian Church, Winston-Salem, N. C.]

It was a great grief to me to hear the sad news of the death of my esteemed friend, Rev. Dr. Caldwell, and it was more of a shock because I knew nothing of his illness and thought he was in perfect health.

I want to give expression to my sense of personal loss in this sad dispensation.

I have known Dr. Caldwell most pleasantly for fifteen years, having formed a delightful acquaintance with him in the years of his ministry in the Synod of Kentucky.

I knew him first at Central University, at Richmond, Ky., where he held a series of meetings with especial reference to the students.

Dr. Caldwell was the first Pastor of the Southern Church at Frankfort, now under the leadership of the Rev. William Crowe, who was converted at the meeting referred to above.

In a recent visit to Frankfort, although many years had intervened since the pastorate of Dr. Caldwell, I found his memory still fresh in the hearts of the people, and many were the references to his work and preaching. After he left the Synod of Kentucky, I had the pleasure of seeing him at different times, and I always delighted in his companionship and counted him one of my staunchest friends.

And now that I have succeeded him here as Pastor of this church, I see very markedly the evidence of his

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abundant and successful labors. Comparing the membership of this church at the time he became its Pastor with it at the close of his work, I see every possible evidence of his devoted and efficient labors.

The influences for good started by him will live through untold years. What the harvest of his faithful work will be in eternity none of us can even guess.

He rests from his labors, and his works follow him.

[By Rev. Edward O. Guerrant, D. D., Wilmore, Ky.]

It was a strange Providence which called away this gifted young man, Robert Ernest Caldwell, in the midst of his life and labors. Only the eye of faith can discover any explanation, and that alone in the wisdom of God, "who doeth all things well." Though we do not know now, we "shall know hereafter," and commend the goodness which promoted him to a higher service in a glorious world.

I first knew Dr. Caldwell when he served the churches at Louisville and Frankfort, Kentucky; and afterwards when he was evangelist of our Synod. I knew him more intimately while in his last charge at Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

During his ten years' pastorate of that large church, I had the pleasure of assisting him on two occasions in protracted services. I may therefore speak with some confidence of his character and work.

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No one who knew him could fail to be impressed with the buoyancy of his spirits. He was brimful of life and energy. The most trying experiences of ministerial work never seemed to dampen his ardor or depress his spirits. The "joys of salvation" were not more real to him than the joys of service for his Saviour.

He was an unusually fine preacher, both in the manner and the matter of his discourse. With no effort at oratory, he was an eloquent and convincing speaker.

Among all the devoted and excellent brethren with whom I have labored, I do not know any who possessed more wisdom and earnestness in evangelistic effort. One of the most successful revivals I ever remember was in his church at Winston-Salem. He was most ably assisted by a fine corps of officers, but the burden of the preparation and work fell on his shoulders.

Every detail was admirably arranged and successfully carried out. Nothing was left to luck or hazard. The victory was organized before the battle was fought. God honored his zeal and faith, and scores of souls were won for his Master, who are now stars in his crown.

That such a man, in the maturity of his manhood, and the fullness of his strength, should be so suddenly and unexpectedly called away, is one of the unsolved mysteries of Providence.

His removal was a great loss to the Church; an

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irreparable loss to his widowed mother and sisters, and a personal loss to hundreds of friends, as well as to myself.

But he left behind him a rich legacy of faithful service for his Master, and of loving devotion to family and friends. He has gone to a glorious reward at the hands of the Lord he loved so well and served so zealously. We hope to meet him there in the General Assembly and Church of the First Born, still in the bloom of an eternal youth, and the vigor of an immortal manhood. Until then, farewell, our friend and brother, Ernest Caldwell.

[By the Hon. Robert Glenn, Governor of North Carolina.]

Rev. Robert E. Caldwell, our friend and beloved pastor, is dead, and deeply we mourn his loss.

A year ago, with a heart full of joy and gladness, with hope kindling his eyes, and lofty purposes filling his soul, strong and well, he stood amongst us, an active, vigorous man, an humble, true Christian.

Though he had complained of feeling unwell and went North to a hospital for treatment, no one realized that his condition was serious, and the sudden announcement of his death came as a terrible shock to the community.

In his death, his church lost a most earnest, zealous pastor, the State a patriotic citizen, his friends a genial,

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helpful companion, his mother a devoted, tender son, his sisters a faithful brother, and the world a conscientious, Christian man.

He was noble and true, strong yet gentle, brave but, oh, so tender. Full of fun, enjoying life, feeling it not necessary to look austere nor wear a long face, still whose eyes dimmed quicker at the story of suffering, whose hand more ready to place to parched lips the cool drink of water, or break to weary souls the bread of life!

For nearly eleven years, as pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Winston, he went in and out among us, no blot of scandal ever touched his name or marred his Christian usefulness, and no word could be uttered against his purity of character, his fidelity to duty, or his nobility of soul.

Courteous and kind to all his members, both rich and poor, and ever full of deepest solicitude for their needs, both temporal and spiritual, still he was firm as a rock in the discharge of what he conceived to be his duty, and never made a compromise with sin for the sake of popularity. His sunny countenance bespoke his simple, Christian spirit, that showed he walked with God.

His cheery voice and gentle manner made him welcome everywhere, bringing joy to the sick, consolation to the weary and desolate, and courage to the faint and weak.

Though dead, his life, his example, his teachings,

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still speak to us, and if we profit by them, and, like him, follow in the footsteps of our Master, we, too, may live again with him in the life everlasting.

Peace to his ashes, for while we sorrow over our loss, in the death of this good man, our friend, we know he dwells in endless bliss, in the glory-world of God's eternity.

[By the Hon. Clement Manly, Winston-Salem, N. C.. Jan. 5, 1904.]

My regard for Dr. R. E. Caldwell and admiration of his high character and purpose, suggest this tribute.

I had the honor of his acquaintance for ten years. I esteem it a privilege to have known him and to have shared in the light he cast about him, a light always reflected on the path that led to good.

He was indeed a Christian and a gentleman, and his life in this community has been above reproach.

He goes for the reward of those who have helped their fellow men, and made them feel and do better.

He had won of the entire people their respect, admiration and love.

[By Miss S. O. H. Dickson, Winston-Salem, N. C.]

THE SUNRISE SERVICES OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY NEW YEAR.

One of the most beautiful and impressive services of the pastorate by Dr. Caldwell was the Sunrise

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Service on January 1, 1901, at 7.30 o'clock.

This he planned, and doubtless prayed over. Any doubts as to its success were speedily dispelled when the people, men, women and children, began to gather, and soon the spacious church was filled. There were members of all the churches present to worship and to praise their common Lord, and ministers of the Baptist, Methodist and Moravian churches assisted in the beautiful service of song and prayer. After the Doxology and prayer and the Scripture reading, came, perhaps, the most impressive part of the service. During the singing of the hymn, "How Firm a Foundation," the elders passed through the congregation and collected papers upon which had been previously written "an expression of the desire of the heart, together with some chosen promise or motto text, without signature."

The congregation had been requested by the pastor to do this, and the response was most gratifying.

These were not read, but placed in one large basket and "laid before the Lord."

After a moment of silent prayer the intercessory prayer was offered, and all together the petitions and desires winged their way to the Great Hearer of prayer.

Who that was present can ever forget that hour? Above us hung the pale star that reminded us of Him who had come to save us from our sins, and "to present us faultless before the presence of His glory!"

Outside the first rays of the rising sun were remind-

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ing us of the Son of Righteousness to whom we looked for light.

After the singing of a hymn and prayer for the children and young people, and for schools and colleges, and the Twentieth Century Endowment Fund, the pastor delivered a short sermon from John 21:4—a beautiful and most suggestive talk it was.

Another prayer and the hymn, "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name," the benediction was pronounced, and the large congregation dispersed quietly, under the spell of this lovely and remarkable service, and grateful to him who had planned it.

THE END.

